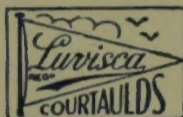


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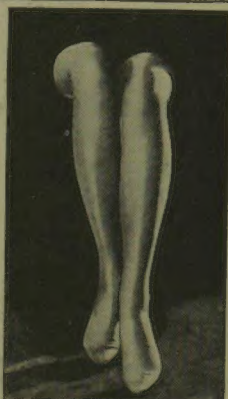
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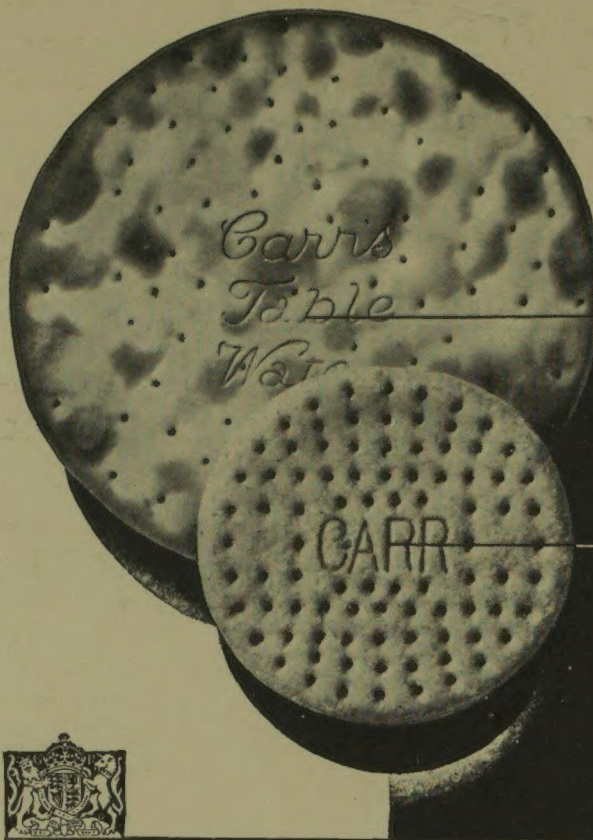
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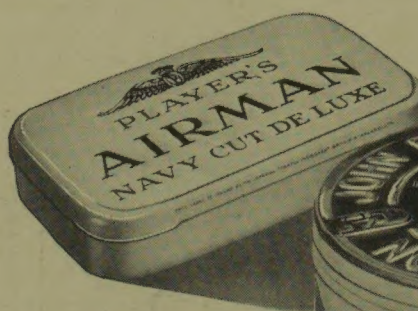
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SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1932.



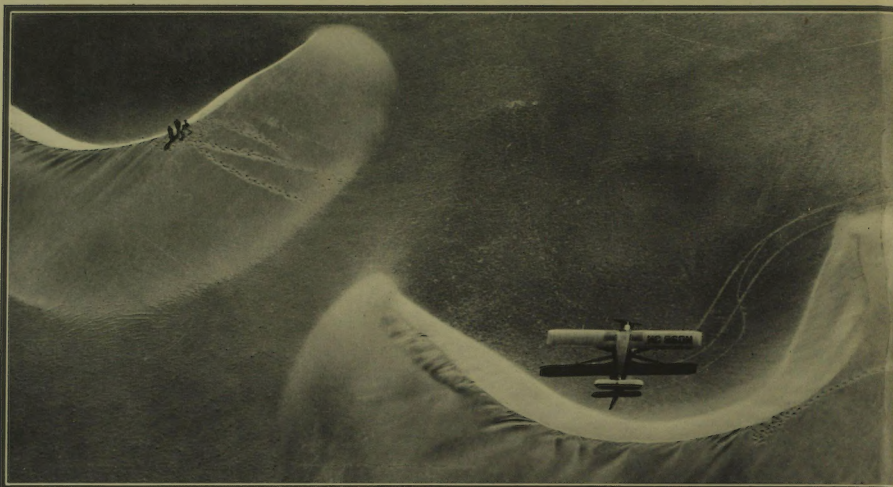
**CRESCENT-SHAPED DUNES THAT MOVE ACROSS A DESERT: A CURIOUS FREAK OF SAND-FORMATION IN PERU  
SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE—WITH ANOTHER MACHINE IN FLIGHT.**

This remarkable photograph, along with those given on the four succeeding pages, was taken during the Shippee-Johnson Peruvian Expedition, which recently returned after a year of exploration, by air and on foot, in the interior of Peru and on the Brazilian slope of the Andes. This expedition, which was conducted by Mr. Robert Shippee and Mr. George R. Johnson, had the sanction of the

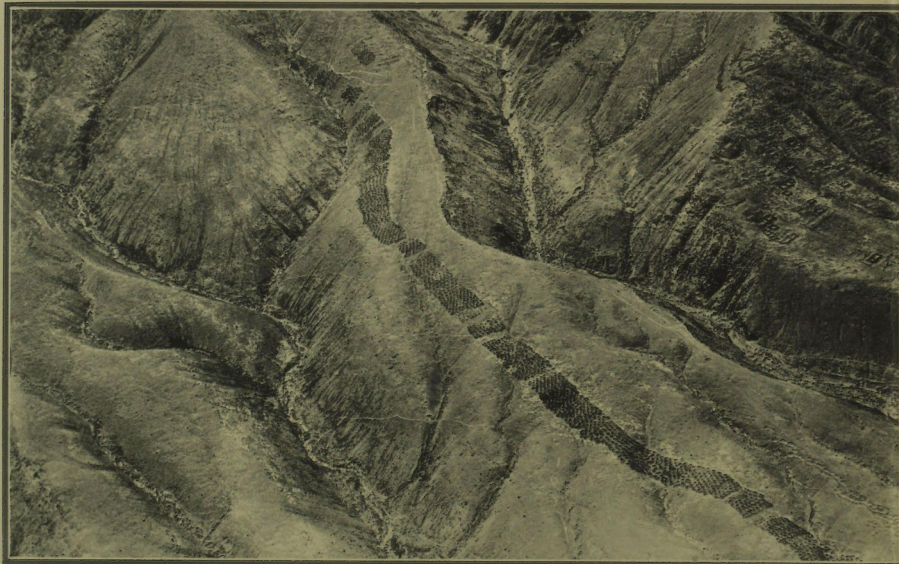
American Geographical Society. The above photograph, taken from one of the expedition's two aeroplanes, shows the other machine, named the "Lima," flying above curious crescentic sand-dunes which advance at the rate of 60 feet a year across the La Joya pampas. A nearer view of such dunes is among our later illustrations, which also show interesting discoveries made by the expedition.

## WONDERS OF NATURE AND MYSTERIES OF MAN IN

(SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON TWO PAGES



TWO OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CRESCENT-SHAPED SAND-DUNES (ILLUSTRATED ON THE PRECEDING FRONT PAGE) WHICH TRAVEL SIXTY FEET IN A YEAR: AN AIR VIEW SHOWING AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT AND THREE EXPLORERS ON THE LEFT DUNE, WITH THEIR FOOTPRINTS BELOW, AND SIMILAR TRACKS ON THE RIGHT-HAND DUNE.



A STRANGE RIBBON-LIKE STRIP OF "POCK-MARK" INDENTATIONS RUNNING ALONG THE SIDES OF FOOT-HILLS IN THE ANDES NEAR THE COAST OF CENTRAL PERU: UNEXPLAINED AND HITHERTO UNEXPLORED RELICS OF HUMAN ACTIVITY—POSSIBLY PREHISTORIC GRAVES—REVEALED BY AIR PHOTOGRAPHY.

These very striking examples of air photography illustrate once more its great value in archaeology and exploration. In an accompanying article, entitled "Uncovering a Lost Civilisation from the Air," we read: "Bringing back one of the most unusual collections of aerial photographs ever obtained, the five members of the Shippee-Johnson Peruvian Expedition, which had the endorsement of the American Geographical Society, have recently returned after a year of aerial and foot explorations in the interior of Peru and on the Brazilian slope of the Andes. The equipment and new-found material filled nearly fifty crates, and included 3000 aerial photographs, as well as their two Bellanca planes. After spending nearly a year travelling on mules day and night over rough and trackless country and suffering many hardships, these 'modern Pizarros,' the first white men to penetrate into those regions since the early Spanish explorers, put back to their starting point—Lima—well rewarded for their troubles, having definitely placed on the map of Peru more than 300

## UNEXPLORED PERU: PIONEER REVELATIONS BY AIR.

FOLLOWING AND ON THE FRONT PAGE.]



PREHISTORIC "VALE BOWLS," TRADITIONALLY THE SCENE OF INCA RITES, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR: AMPHITHEATRES ON THE MARAS PAMPAS, ABOUT FIFTEEN MILES NORTH-WEST OF CUZCO, APPARENTLY OVERLOOKED BY ARCHÆOLOGISTS AND NOT MENTIONED IN THE LITERATURE OF THE REGION.



TWO OF THE MANY FORTS, SOME CIRCULAR AND OTHERS RECTANGULAR, GUARDING THE "GREAT WALL" OF PERU (ILLUSTRATED ON THE TWO SUCCEEDING PAGES): RIDGE-TOP STRUCTURES INVISIBLE FROM THE VALLEY, AND ONLY KNOWN TO A FEW NATIVES, REVEALED IN A REMARKABLE AIR PHOTOGRAPH.

square miles of virgin territory in two valleys north-west of Arequipa. As a base for their aerial explorations, they constructed an aeroplane landing-field at 'Lari, at an altitude of 10,000 feet. This task was accomplished with the aid of 150 Indians, who received for their labours the sum of six dollars, used to supply them with native liquor to keep them 'inspired.' It was from here that the Expedition carried on aerial operations which led to the finding of the 'Great Wall of Peru' (see our two next pages) and fourteen 'lost villages,' also dating from pre-Inca times. These two discoveries, considered as outstanding finds of the century, have stirred anew the hope of linking and tracing the early history of the American continent. From the aerial photographs obtained, a complete mosaic map of Chan-Chan, the centre of the Pre-Inca civilisation, has been completed. The Expedition was headed by Mr. George R. Johnson and Mr. Robert Shippee. The other three members were Messrs. Irving G. May, historian, Valentine Van Keuren, civil engineer, and Max Distel, mechanic."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A GOOD many very modern people seem to have abandoned conventions and adopted *clichés*. A good many of them, moreover, seem to be ignorant of the very vital difference between the two. Conventions can do a great deal of harm; conventionalism, or the ordering of life by conventions, does hardly anything except harm. But, at its very worst, a convention is more genuine than a catchword. A convention, as its name implies, means an agreement. It may be a silent agreement; it may be an agreement to maintain a silence; it may be an agreement to maintain a morbid or dangerous or undesirable silence. But it is an agreement about something; if it is only concerned to conceal something, or bury something, or falsify something. And it is an agreement of somebody with somebody else; generally with nearly everybody else. The word convention means literally a coming together; and this sort of convention might be presented to the imagination as a silent mob. The vast crowd of common people assembles silently, and votes silently, and decrees silently, and disappears or dissolves silently. But it is a crowd of living people, and it has, or at least it had, some reason for deciding as it did. There might be quite an interesting debate about how much good, or how much harm, has been done to the crowd of humanity, in the course of history, by this ancient and universal trend towards customs and conventions. Anyhow, for most normal people the tendency is old, but still new. But *clichés* are things that can be new and already old. They are things that can be new and already dead. They are the stillborn fruits of culture. A new catch-word that really means nothing is more dangerous than an old custom that always meant something; even if it meant the veiling or masking or mystification of something.

I read the other day a very amusing and enlightening short story, by Mr. Stephen McKenna, called "Wise Children."

It dealt, as many stories do, with the alleged modern misunderstanding between younger and older people. Both sides were treated quite sympathetically, and I think, on the whole, fairly. What struck me as curious was this: that, whichever side was right in a solid sense, the conversation of the elders was only partly restrained by conventions, while the conversation of the youngsters was entirely composed of *clichés*. They seemed to have a stock phrase for everything, and even a stock version of the stock phrases of their parents. It is a world in which the son expects the father to say "In my time we didn't do things like that"; which is really quite as conventional as expecting the grandfather to say "Seize this varlet and let him moulder beneath the castle moat." Now, there may be fathers foolish enough to confine themselves to saying "In my time we didn't do things like that"; but the point is that the corresponding remarks of the modern young man are equally foolish and really quite as formal. It is not very conclusive to say "In my time we didn't do things like that." But it is every bit as conclusive, cogent, and logical as merely saying "In our time we all do things like this." Neither of the two remarks throws any light on the problem

of whether the things done were, or are, worth doing. There is no more intellectual value in the moderns merely saying they are modern than in the ancients merely saying they are ancient. Yet that is really all that the moderns seem able to say; not only in Mr. McKenna's story, but in a great many other much more modern stories; not only in the more modern stories, but in a great many examples I have come across in real life. I have not only read patiently and sympathetically, but sometimes listened patiently and sympathetically, hoping that some representative of the new world might at last make a new remark.

What I mean can be seen very clearly in the *clichés* of literary criticism. It may have been very silly for somebody to write, if anybody ever did write: "This book can be commended as being in no way calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a young person." But even that did at least mean something; it did refer to something, even if it referred to something that must not be referred to. If there

that it does not become a convention which has in its heart any of the truth of a tradition.

The *cliché* and the convention are really contraries. A convention is generally a matter of reserve, and therefore, though the superficial will not see it, a matter of reserve strength. It means that certain secrets are stored up for more than mere secrecy; that they are banked rather than buried. It has something of the spirit that made our fathers, in the days of the great guilds, give to a Craft the name of a Mystery. It existed, perhaps in a less healthy form, in all the old pagan mysteries and secret societies; and for the purpose of this particular argument, it does not really matter whether they were the mysteries of Orpheus or the mysteries of Mumbo-Jumbo. They had in them an educational idea; the idea of training the neophyte through different stages of knowledge, with some knowledge still kept in reserve. As I have said, a great deal might be urged for and against this element in human history;

but at this moment nothing is urged against it except catchwords. Now the catchword is the very opposite. The *cliché* is something that has nothing in reserve; that has no second meaning; that soon loses even its first meaning. It is an exploded squib; it is a spent bullet; it is a creature that has gasped out its little life in one pulse of publicity. When it is not born dead, it is born dying. The blushing Young Person may become Master of the Mysteries and then say nothing about them. But the unblushing Young Person will only master the catchwords, and repeat them because he has nothing else to say. The one stores grain in great granaries against the not-distant day of famine. The other only insists that everything must be put in the shop window, until the raw red facts of life are as dull and ugly and trivial as a butcher's shop.



A NEWLY-FOUND PERUVIAN COUNTERPART TO THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA AND HADRIAN'S WALL IN BRITAIN: A TYPICAL SECTION OF THE PREHISTORIC WALL RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN THE ANDES FROM AEROPLANES OF THE SHIPPEE-JOHNSON EXPEDITION—SHOWING MR. ROBERT SHIPPEE EXAMINING ITS STRUCTURE.

As noted on the opposite page, the most interesting discovery made by the recent expedition to Peru, led by Mr. Robert Shippee and Mr. George R. Johnson, was the existence of an ancient wall traversing the mountains east of Lima, a relic either of the Inca or the preceding Chimu civilisation. The above photograph illustrates the character of the masonry, at a typical point, in detail, while those given opposite show general views of the wall as seen from the air. Though its remains are rougher and smaller than the Great Wall of China, the Peruvian Wall crosses a mountainous region in much the same way, and is fortified at intervals.

was a conventional silence, it was a confessed and open silence; and at least the critic was not silent about his silence. It belonged, in truth, to the ancient world of ceremonial in which some things were known to the initiates, and such ritual played a great part in history, and even arguably a good part in history. But when I see it said of every other new novel that it "deals with the raw red facts of life," I think that these red facts of the novelist have become much more of a *cliché* than the red blush of the young person. For that vague and vulgar praise of any crude thing, merely because it is crude, has not behind it even any tradition of human ceremonial or social ritual. It is simply a pose that has already stiffened into a paralysis. The nonsense about the young person does dimly indicate to what moral traditions the man is referring. The nonsense about the raw red facts does not tell me anything at all about the book, except that it has not inspired a jaded journalist to vary his phraseology. In short, what is professedly old is at least old; but what is professedly new is not new. With astonishing rapidity, this language of revolution becomes in its turn a language of convention. But there is this drastic difference:

#### NOTICE TO AMERICAN FIRMS.

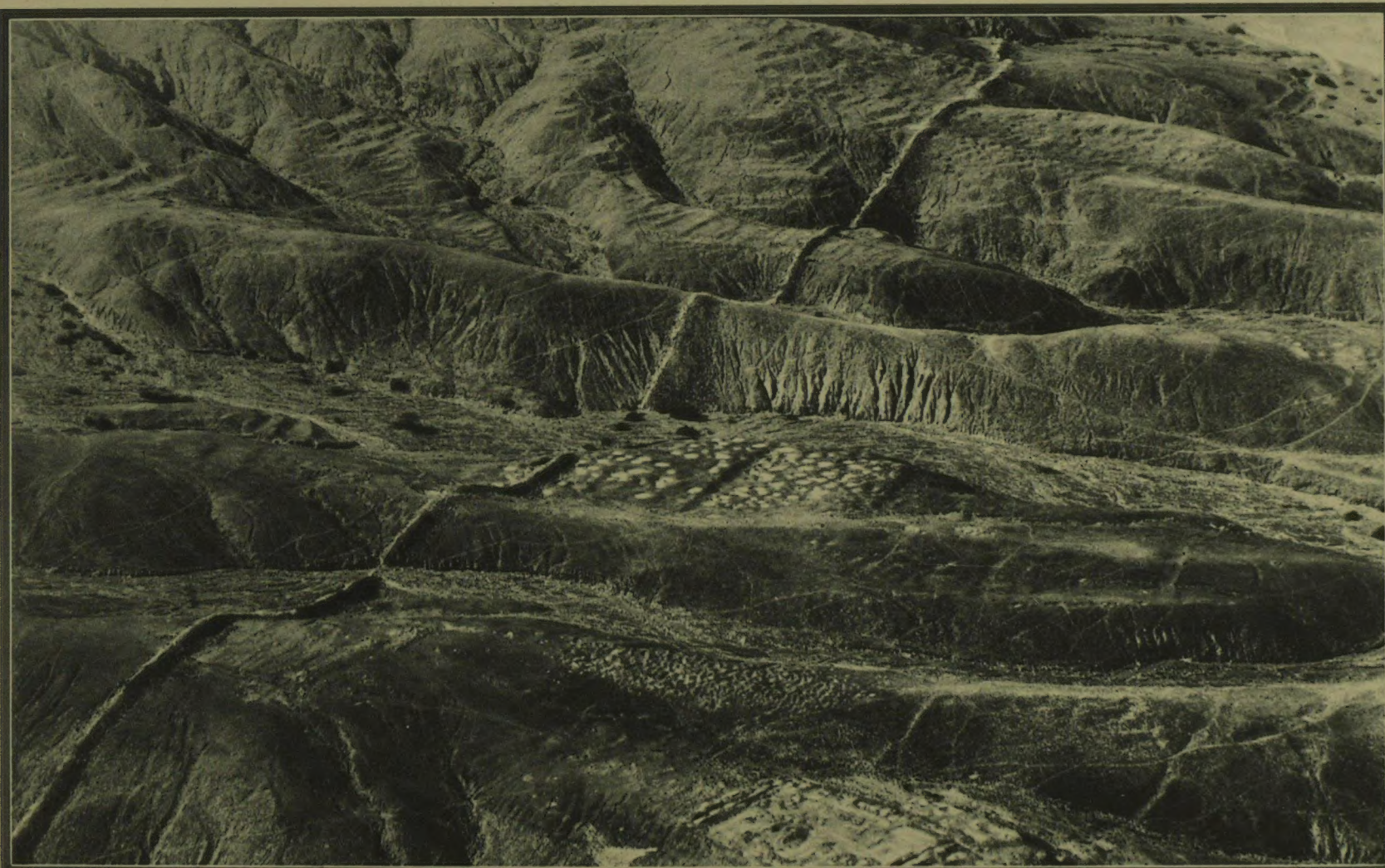
It has again been brought to our notice that certain individuals have been seeking to obtain money from several firms in the United States of America on the ground that they represent *The Illustrated London News*, and that they are able to arrange for the publication in that paper of articles and photographs dealing with their businesses. In some cases the money has been obtained on the understanding that it was to be regarded as a subscription payment for copies of *The Illustrated London News*. We may state that any such arrangements are entirely contrary to the policy of a paper of the high standing of *The Illustrated London News*. All persons claiming to represent *The Illustrated London News* for either purpose should be discredited. Herewith we give warning that no one should be accepted as acting for *The Illustrated London News* who does not possess the fullest credentials signed by the Managing Director or the Editor-in-Chief, on our official headed notepaper. For the purposes of reference, we may state that the names of the Managing Director and Editor-in-Chief are, respectively, G. J. Maddick and Bruce S. Ingram.

# THE "GREAT WALL" OF PERU: A NEW DISCOVERY FROM THE AIR.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



CHINA RIVALLED BY PERU: A "GREAT WALL" DISCOVERED BY AERIAL EXPLORERS IN THE ANDES, AND LOCATED AS CROSSING THE MARITIME CORDILLERA EAST OF LIMA AT AN ALTITUDE OF 11,000 FT.—A SECTION RUNNING ALONGSIDE THE DRY CHANNEL OF A TRIBUTARY OF THE RIVER SANTA, AND AT INTERVALS INTERSECTING ITS ZIG-ZAG CURVES.



ANOTHER SECTION OF THE "GREAT WALL" OF PERU, TRACED FROM THE AIR FOR A DISTANCE OF OVER THIRTY MILES ACROSS THE ANDES: AN AERIAL VIEW OF A HITHERTO UNKNOWN FORTIFICATION OF INCA, OR PRE-INCA, ORIGIN—SHOWING, IN THE FOREGROUND, THE REMAINS OF A RUINED VILLAGE.

Aerial exploration has made great contributions to archaeological research in various parts of the world. An outstanding instance (illustrated above) is now to be credited to the Shippee-Johnson Peruvian Expedition, of whose remarkable air photographs we give other examples on four preceding pages. As already noted, a special aeroplane landing-field was constructed at Lari, at a height of 10,000 feet. "It was from here (we read) that the Expedition carried on their aerial operations which led to the finding of the 'Great Wall of Peru,' a huge Inca or pre-Inca fortification in the wilds, which they were

able to trace for a distance of thirty miles. This structure was estimated by the Expedition as lying at an altitude of 11,000 ft. in the Maritime Cordillera, due east of Lima, and it resembled the Great Wall of China. It was apparently built by the Chimus, a coastal people antedating the Inca, by whom they were conquered, and was well fortified on both sides. The airmen traced its course until low clouds made it impossible to pick up breaks in its great length." Another very remarkable set of photographs taken by this expedition will appear in our next number.

# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## SOME SHYLOCKS.—MR. FRANK CELLIER'S NAPOLEON.

MR. ERNEST MILTON'S fine performance of Shylock revives many and varied memories of the divergent conceptions of the part. I have in my time seen, say, a score or two Merchants, and never once did any reading seem wholly germane to another. The reason must be that Shylock is one of the most racially complex parts of Shakespeare's creation. He is a mongrel by descent and an upstart among the commercial community of Venice. Thus his position is not clearly defined. He is neither quite a commoner nor a patrician. As soon as his hatred of the "goys" gets the upper hand, he forgets whatever veneer his money and the intercourse with his betters have produced and breaks into vile vituperation. We then discover the real man—the Jew with the little "j." Now, some of the great interpreters have known how to disguise this duality of the character. Barnay, for instance, the famous leader of the Meiningen company—the one that figures uppermost in my mind—made Shylock a kind of kingly person, towering above his surroundings, polishing vituperation to sly irony. His delivery was lofty and measured, as was the manner fifty years ago. Of course, in the light of to-day it was wrong, even absurd; but then it was generally accepted as the high-water mark of acting. Woe betide him who would shake the tradition! Yet Possart, Barnay's immediate successor, dared it, and, albeit that he remained faithful to the rhythm, he rendered the declamation more colloquial. His Shylock was a "sahib," as financiers of his (Possart's) day appeared to the actor. I remember a soft-voiced, lively man of the world who mocked his surroundings and treated the trial scene with sublime irony. As for his exit after his banishment, it was more than eloquent in a contemptuous glance, a bitter smile, a click of fingers, and a sway of his mantle, as if to say to the tribunal and his detractors: "Go to Hades!" It etched itself in memory, and I know nothing more effective and exalted, except Tree's majestic departure, which was the culmination of one of his best Shakespearean performances. Of the English Shylocks, he remains undoubtedly the best, the one that we visualise after years, because he united intelligence, inwardness, and dignity in his conception. Matheson Lang is another noteworthy—I would call him patrician—Shylock, almost as distinguished as Moscovitch's portrayal, which added Oriental suavity to his haughtiness of manner.

Yet, when all is said, when I let all the Shylocks of my ken pass in rapid review, there is one which seemed to establish a standard of universal acceptance. Even in London, when he appeared for two nights; he swept the stage, carried his public away, although he spoke Dutch. I refer to the Dutchman, Louis Bouwmeester. His was an extraordinary experiment. He came to London on a visit; he heard that there was a lacuna in the cast, and he offered to fill the gap, whilst Hector Abbas waved signals with a pocket handkerchief to him and to the English actors when to take up the cue. Was ever so bold a feat attempted? And yet it succeeded beyond all expectation; indeed, it created a sensation. Nine-tenths of the public did not understand a syllable of what Bouwmeester said; but almost at once they bowed before his genius. This man was not only a great actor, but he was a deep thinker. He delved from the part not only the satire, the comedy, but the tragic depth. Bouwmeester's wail at the door of his empty house after Jessica's flight was akin to the wails which reverberate from the Bible to our day; Bouwmeester's salaam to the tribunal was frankly the *morituri te salutant* of a heartbroken man who accepts his fate in humility, without rancour, without loud expression, but mortally wounded in pride and feeling.

Mr. Ernest Milton, whose reading is all his own, has ripened since he created the part at the Old Vic. On the whole, he is more serene and far less eccentric in mannerism. Only now and again he tries to accentuate a situation—thus after the trial-scene, when he makes his exit far more laborious than his predecessors and thereby slightly impairs the tragic note. His Shylock has none of the assumed superiority of Tree or Moscovitch. He reads into him frankly an ordinary Jew, in aspect and in ways; occasionally he indulges in those funny little movements of the

hands which we are wont to associate with the lesser Hebrews when bargain-driving. He is dominated by racial hatred, by envy and contempt of the Christians, and he is most forcible when he can spit it forth in the

tenderness; thus the scene with Jessica; but when she has fled, his grief is less boisterous than tradition makes it. He seems to hold that the keynote of great sorrow is the dumbness of silence. Withal, a memorable performance, and one that deserves to rank among the latter-day Shylocks of the English-speaking world.



"PLEASURE CRUISE," AT THE APOLLO: MISS MADELEINE CARROLL AS LAVINIA POOLE, MR. REGINALD GARDINER AS RICHARD HEMMING, AND MR. OWEN NARES AS ANDREW POOLE (LEFT TO RIGHT).

"Pleasure Cruise," by Austen Allen, is an entertaining comedy of married life. Mr. Owen Nares (who wears a moustache on his first appearance) is the somewhat neglected husband of the fascinating Lavinia. When she goes off by herself on a pleasure cruise, he shaves off his moustache and gets a job as a steward, just to keep his eye on her.

searing language of the poet. Then he dominates, creates the whole atmosphere. We feel with what power of intelligence he has probed the part. Every word seems aflame and "shot to kill." Also, he has moments of great

and humour; disporting herself with equal ease as the laundress and the would-be, clumsy Maréchale Lefebvre, battling with her train and her manners. Perhaps Miss Ward here and there "forced the note" a little, and a more tranquil way would enhance the romance—she ought to forget her principal boys; but, on the whole, hers is hard and good work. In Mr. Franklyn Tilton (Lefebvre) and Mr. Walter Bird (Adhémar), two good-looking, clear-voiced singers were found; and the Misses Nancy Fraser and Wilma Vane were two charming *ingénues*—both very young—who piped away to their hearts' content and our delight; whilst Mr. Charles Stone, the *parvenu* milliner, could compare with the late Courtice Pounds, who excelled in this kind of part. The chorus, too, deserve an honourable mention, although we often heard only sound and no syllables—but, at any rate, the sounds were pure; and while I am carping I may as well add that, in a production so neat and vivid, it is an ear-sore to hear the French names and titles massacred in Cockney pronunciation. Oh, those "Mairayshuls," those "Monsieu le Dukes"—I could gladly strangle them!

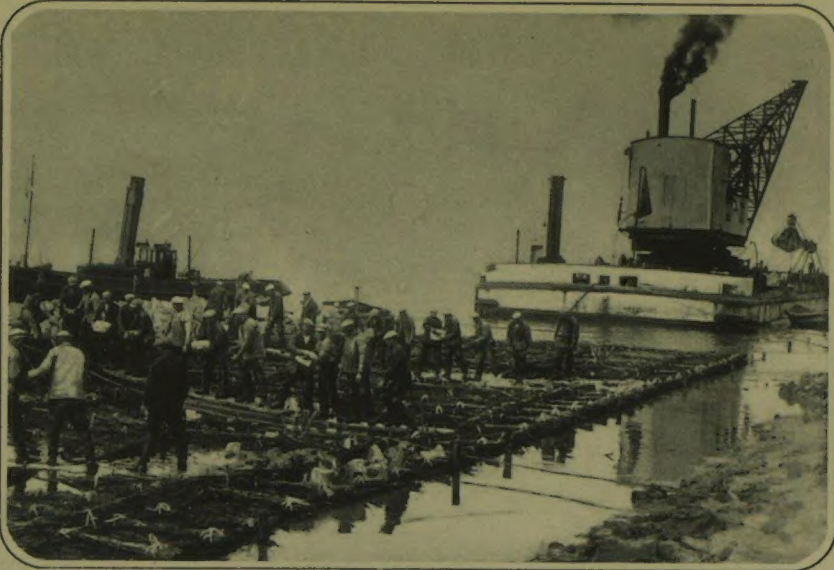
And now I come to the main point—the performance of Mr. Frank Cellier. His was a difficult task, for he had to contend with memories of the late Holbrook Blinn, the creator, unforgettable, unforgotten. Yet I am so bold as to say that never have I seen on the stage beyond France a Napoleon who realised the picture so perfectly as it lives in imagination, especially in the later phase, when Napoleon was at his zenith in 1807. It so happens that I am reading at present the most complete historical portrait of Napoleon on record—a mighty tome of seven hundred pages full of details. It is one of the "Grandes Études Historiques," by Jacques Bainville. Well, as I beheld this performance, I was repeatedly struck by the close relationship between the descriptions in the book and the character on the stage. He looked Napoleon, did Mr. Frank Cellier; he had his imperious frigidness of manner, now and again intersected with jerkiness of impatient command and a very occasional smile. He seemed to soar beyond the text; he was a dramatic, not an operatic, figure worthy of one of the few memorable Napoleon plays. The audience was quick to realise. It greeted this fine achievement with storms of applause. We came away with many impressions, but among them all there stood erect the monumental figure of Napoleon, recalling the famous picture of Meissonier.



"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: MR. ERNEST MILTON AS SHYLOCK.

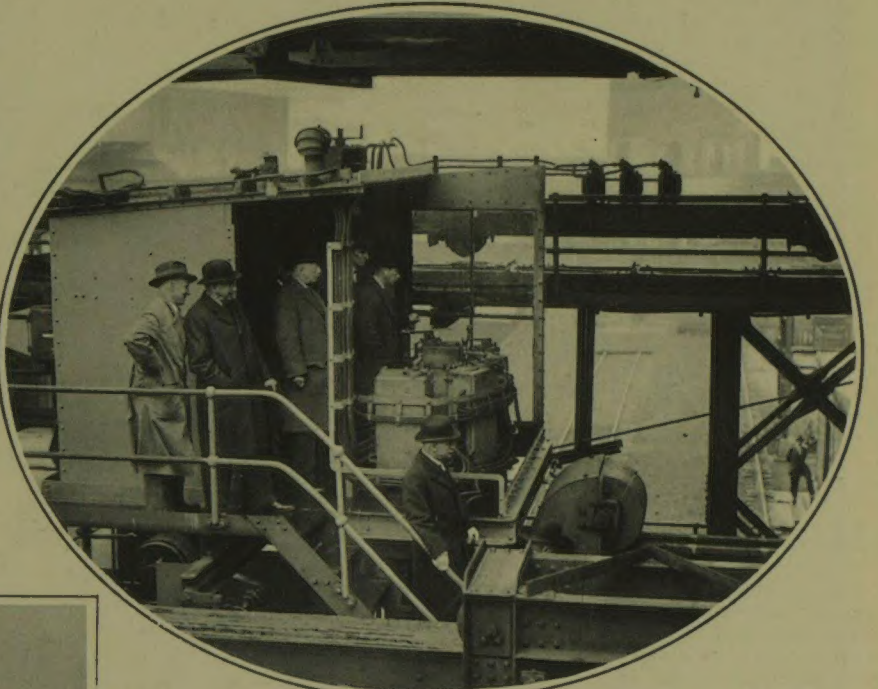
Our dramatic critic notes that Mr. Ernest Milton's "Shylock has none of the assumed superiority of Tree or Moscovitch. He reads into him frankly an ordinary Jew... dominated by racial hatred, by envy and contempt of the Christians, and he is most forcible when he can spit it forth in the searing language of the poet."

## FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



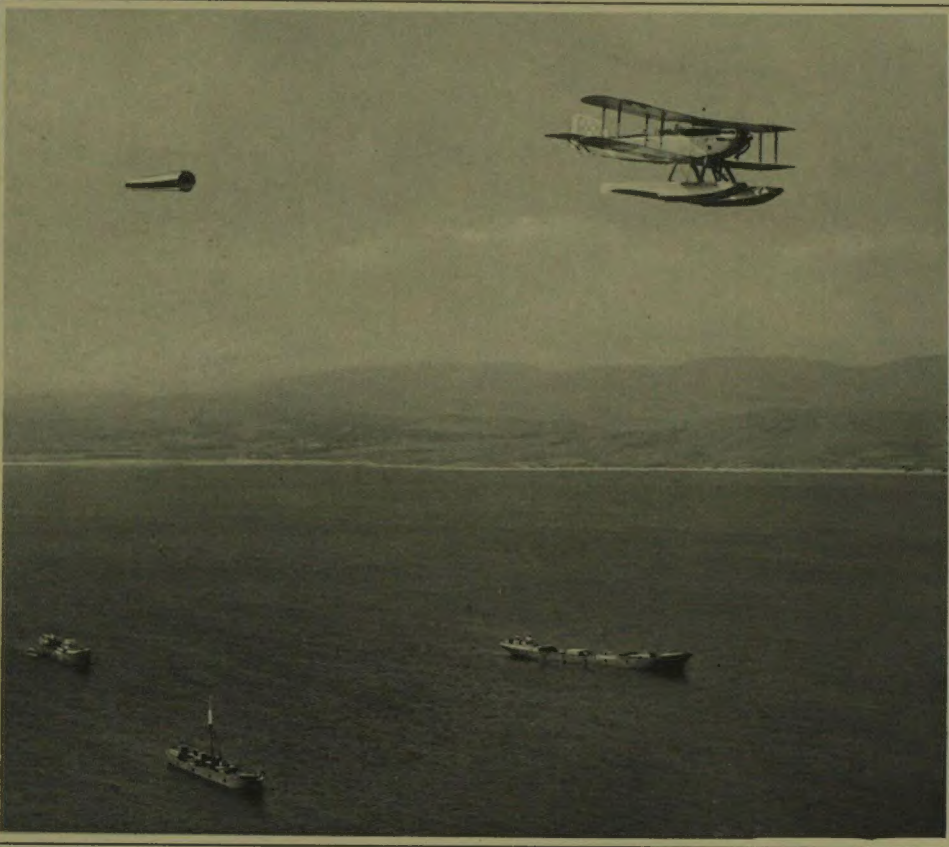
THE RECLAMATION OF THE ZUIDER ZEE: WORKMEN LOADING FASCINE MATTRESSES WITH STONE BALLASTING FOR THE PROTECTION OF SUBMERGED BANKS.

The reclamation of the Zuider Zee is proceeding fast, and we return to the subject, illustrated on various occasions in these pages, with a photograph showing the way in which under-water banks that are liable to erosion are protected by artificial means. Layers of brushwood bound tightly together are towed by barges to the place where they are to be used, and sunk on the sea bottom by ballasting with stone.



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE NEW COKE-OVEN PLANT OF THE GAS LIGHT AND COKE COMPANY AT BECKTON, ESSEX.

The Gas Light and Coke Company has installed, at a cost of £1,000,000, an extensive new coke-oven plant at their Beckton works. The Prince of Wales visited the works on May 3, and performed the opening ceremony by giving the signal for the discharge of an oven. Our photograph shows his Royal Highness in the control cabin, from where he personally directed the pushing of a charge.



AERIAL TARGET TOWING FOR ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN PRACTICE: THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TO BE TAKEN FOR PUBLICATION—SHOWING THE "DROGUE" FULLY OPEN.

Just as marine targets are towed for the purposes of naval gunnery exercises, so are aerial targets towed by aircraft for anti-aircraft gun practice. The target towed is officially known as a "drogue," and it resembles the familiar "sleeve" or "stocking" which is flown as a wind indicator at all aerodromes. It is wound out by means of a special apparatus fitted in the aeroplane, and, needless



THE OTHER END OF THE STORY: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN CREW, COMPLETE WITH GAS-MASKS, AT DRILL ON BOARD H.M.S. "NELSON."

to say, it is trailed at a very considerable distance behind the towing aircraft. Our left-hand photograph, the first dealing with this manoeuvre to be taken for publication, shows the "drogue" fully open, but before being wound out to the requisite distance for firing practice. The other photograph illustrates the elaborate mechanism of the weapon used to combat aircraft.



NEW ARRIVALS FROM INDIA: TWO THREE-YEAR-OLD ELEPHANTS, DESTINED FOR WHIPSNADE, HAVING A MEAL AFTER LANDING AT TILBURY.

Elaborate preparations have been made to render the Whipsnade "Zoo" an even more attractive spectacle than it was last year, and the thousands of beasts and birds now housed there should prevent a recurrence of the suggestion that the distances are too great to allow a good view of the animals. These two baby elephants, which arrived from Calcutta on May 4, will be popular additions to the great open-air park.



READY TO FIGHT THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN WITH RUBBER BAYONETS: PREPARATIONS FOR THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO, WHICH BEGINS ON JUNE 13.

For the Crimean battle scene which is to be one of the main items at the Rushmore Arena this year six hundred solid rubber bayonets have been issued to the troops concerned in order to obviate the risk of accidental injuries. False beards are to be worn by both Russian and British troops, to represent the custom of eighty years ago. In the flood-lit arena the "soldiers' battle" should make a thrilling scene.

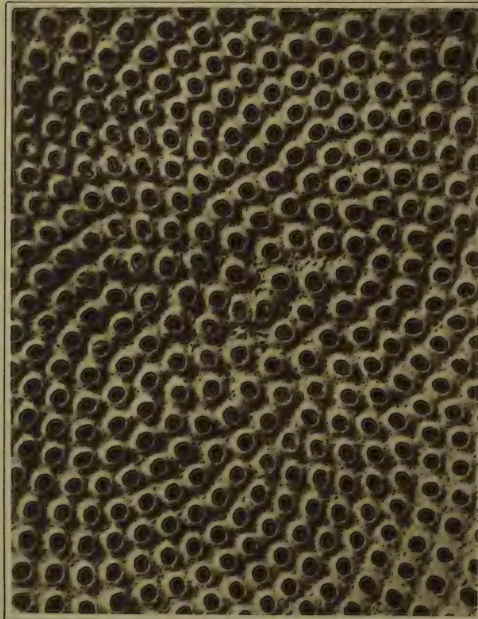
# PLANT FORMS WHICH IMITATE AND BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS



SYMMETRY IN NATURE: THE FLOWER-BUD OF A CHILE SETTLE (*CAULOPHILA LATERITIA*) BEFORE IT HAS BURST OPEN (ENLARGED ABOUT EIGHT TIMES)—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DELICACY OF DESIGN AND ARTISTIC COMPLETENESS THAT PLANT FORMS MAY EXHIBIT.



A REMARKABLE STUDY: FLOWER PEDUNCLES OF THE WITCH HAZEL (*HAMAMELIS JAPONICA*), ENLARGED ABOUT SEVEN TIMES.



A COMMON OBJECT OF THE COUNTRYSIDE, ENLARGED ABOUT SIX TIMES, PRESENTS A PATTERN OF COMPLICATED CURVES: THE FLOWER RECEPTACLE OF A THISTLE.



A PATTERN OF LINES RADIATING FROM MANY CENTRES: PART OF THE FLOWER RACEME OF MEADOW RUE (*THALICTRUM*) ENLARGED ABOUT THREE TIMES.

These remarkable studies are from Professor Karl Blossfeldt's "Art Forms in Nature: Second Series." An Exhibition of the photographs will be opened on May 18 at the Zwemmer Gallery, Charing Cross Road. The first series was taken a few years ago, and some of the photographs were reproduced in our issue of August 31, 1929, the book in which they were published being the subject of a review on the Page for Collectors. This second series of 120 photographs is no less impressive, and is likely to exert a considerable influence upon contemporary design. In his foreword Professor Blossfeldt writes: "Every

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "ART FORMS IN NATURE: SECOND SERIES." BY PROFESSOR

# AND INSPIRE THE ARTIST, STRANGE IN THE REALM OF BOTANY.



A NATURAL DESIGN AS STRIKING AS THAT OF THE PEACOCK'S TAIL: DANDELION SEED (*TARAXACUM OFFICINALE*): ABOUT SEVEN TIMES NATURAL SIZE.



THE CININNUS (A PARTICULAR FORM OF INFLORESCENCE) OF THE ORNAMENTAL AMERICAN PLANT PHACELIA (*PHACELIA CONGESTA*): ABOUT THREE TIMES NATURAL SIZE.

sound expansion in the realm of art needs stimulation. New strength and stimulus for its healthy development can only be derived from Nature. And it is with this end in view that I have published this second volume—to arouse the Nature-sense, to demonstrate the wealth of beauty in Nature, to stimulate observation of our own plant world. The plant may be described as an architectural structure, shaped and designed ornamentally and objectively. Compelled in its fight for existence to build in a purposeful manner . . . it combines practicability and expediency in the highest form of art."

KARL BLOSSFELDT. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. A. ZWEMMER.



A PLANT WHICH, MAGNIFIED ABOUT SEVEN TIMES, REVEALS A SLENDER AND SCULPTURED VASE DESIGN: MAYWEED FRUIT (*COTULA TERBINTHIFOLIA*)—ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS WHICH, LIKE THE OTHERS ON THESE PAGES, ARE TO BE EXHIBITED NEXT WEEK AT THE ZWEMMER GALLERY.



A FASCINATING DESIGN IN WHICH EVERY LINE IS REPEATED FOUR OR FIVE TIMES: SANDWORT (*ARENARIA TETRAQUETRA*): ABOUT SIX TIMES NATURAL SIZE.

# THE MODERN SICILIAN EXPEDITION.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MILITARY OPERATIONS; GALLIPOLI": VOL. II. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL F. C. ASPINALL-UGLANDER.\*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. HEINEMANN.)

THERE is little doubt to-day that the idea of forcing the Straits with a view to helping Russia, eliminating Turkey from the war and rallying the Balkan States to the side of the Entente, was one of the few great strategical conceptions of the World War. There can be still less doubt that in the spring of 1915 the operation was not beyond the capacity of the Entente, and that a combined naval and military attack, carefully planned in every detail before the troops embarked, and carried out with the essential advantages of surprise, would have succeeded. Many reasons combined to frustrate an enterprise the success of which in 1915 would have altered the course of the war. But every reason will be found to spring from one fundamental cause—an utter lack of preparation before the campaign began."

So writes this extremely candid and competent official historian, delivering final judgment on the Dardanelles tragedy. The first part of his opinion is now generally held—so generally, indeed, that it has become almost a commonplace of commentary on the Great War. It has, of course, the usual advantages of prophecy after the event: yet to certain doubting minds it may not be altogether self-evident. Unquestionably the strategical objective of the Dardanelles adventure was admirable; but it is extremely easy to conjure up splendid strategical objectives. We all remember the gallant officer of Mr. H. M. Bateman's "Subaltern's Dream," and how he marched over all obstacles straight to Potsdam and kidnapped the Kaiser single-handed. That was a magnificent strategical objective—but it also happened to be a dream. Was the Dardanelles campaign ever more than a dream? We have been repeatedly assured that complete success lay within our grasp at least three times—at the naval attempt on the Narrows, after the original landing, and after the Suvla landing. But success in war never lies within the grasp until it is actually grasped—and often the outstretched hand, to its astonishment, grasps only air. There are no certainties in war except *faits accomplis*. Twice at least victory lay within the grasp of Germany on the Western Front, and twice it vanished into nothingness. It can never be proved, and it therefore should not be assumed by its champions, that the Dardanelles plan would ever have succeeded even if it had been executed twice as well as it was executed. Again and again, in reading this absorbing volume, we feel that the innumerable hazards in such country and in such conditions were exactly of the kind which at any moment might have frustrated even the best-planned enterprise. If these hazards exceeded reasonable foresight and calculation, then the Gallipoli plan, while certainly not deficient in imagination, possessed no more real strategical merit than the wish which is father to the thought.

Whether this be so or not—and it will always be matter of controversy—nobody can join issue with the concluding part of the opinion which has been quoted above. Anybody who has had experience of the major—or, indeed, the minor—operations of modern warfare knows that they are the merest gamble unless the plans have been worked out with the most meticulous care down to the last detail; and it would be incredible, were the facts not so plain, that an enterprise of this enormous difficulty should have been launched with "an utter lack of preparation before the campaign began." This circumstance is beyond our present purview, for the full and dismal story of it belongs to this volume's predecessor. It is, however, a consideration which can never be lost to view in any estimate of the modern Sicilian Expedition. The volume before us abounds in other matters for astonishment. It is astonishing, for example, that nearly a month should have elapsed before any decision was taken upon Sir Ian Hamilton's urgent request for reinforcements in May; and that having hesitatingly sent an inadequate supply of men in June, the Government within a month should have centred all its hopes on Gallipoli and have suddenly poured men, guns, and ammunition upon the peninsula. It is astonishing that the crucial operation at Suvla in August should have been committed to the command of an untried officer, solely on grounds of seniority. It is astonishing that nobody in England who was responsible for these perilous operations had ever acquainted himself on the spot with the real difficulties of the terrain. It was not until November, when the enterprise was long since doomed, that Lord Kitchener confessed to the Prime Minister: "The country is much more difficult than I imagined, and the Turkish positions . . . are natural fortresses which, if not taken by surprise at first, could be held against very serious attack by larger forces than have been engaged."

Apparently it took the Government ten months to discover this elementary fact, which was of vital moment to the whole project. Its corollary—perfectly predictable—was that Lord Kitchener "all too late, was convinced that the chance of success on the peninsula had been thrown away by the policy, for which he himself was mainly responsible, of refusing Sir Ian Hamilton the reinforcements asked for in August."

Less surprising, but equally regrettable, were the vacillations of the Government about the question of evacuation. It was, beyond all doubt, a cruelly difficult decision to make, for, either way, so it seemed, lay a probable disaster to British arms and British prestige. (The obvious possibility of being placed in this dilemma was, of course, one of the major risks of the enterprise, and again excites criticism of its whole conception.) The problem was further complicated by the demands and threats of the French in Salonika, and by the situation in Russia and Egypt. Yet, making every allowance for the anxious responsibilities of the Government, it is almost beyond credence that thirty-seven days should have elapsed between General Monro's emphatic report in favour of evacuation and the final decision of the Cabinet. In the interval, the troops, already much wasted by

landing succeeded to the summit of expectation, this was the situation to which it was quite certainly condemned. Attempt after attempt showed the hopelessness of assaults upon what Lord Kitchener, after ten months of vain sacrifice, discovered to be "natural fortresses." With the existing resources of men, guns, ammunitions, and supplies, substantial progress was impossible; and the paradox is that even if a really adequate force had been made available, there would have been no room for it on the cramped Allied territory. It was sheer necessity, rather than the platitudes of strategy, which insisted that in such circumstances the best form of defence was attack; and the cost of that form of defence was appalling. At the Third Battle of Krithia in June, "the day's fighting had only resulted in a gain of between 250-500 yards on a front of about a mile. These meagre results had cost the VIII. Corps 4,500 officers and men out of a total of some 16,000 actually engaged." The outcome of the August offensive is summed up in one curt sentence. "Out of some 50,000 British troops engaged at Suvla and Anzac, the casualties in three days' fighting had amounted to not less than 18,000, and the Turkish forces, though still inferior in numbers, were firmly established on every point of vantage."

Needless to say, it is the Suvla operation which incurs most criticism, and it cannot be contested that the waste of the whole of August 8, when the most energetic action was necessary to forestall the Turkish reinforcements which were moving up, extinguished any chance of success which this action had ever possessed. "Throughout the second day at Suvla, with 22 battalions ashore and only 1500 Turks opposed to them, the IX. Corps had accomplished nothing." General Aspinall-Oglander is temperate and judicious in his criticism of the commanders; while General Stopford is not acquitted of his half-heartedness, of his inertia, of the unparalleled vagueness of his orders, and (in brief) of

his inability to grasp a critical situation, the Commander-in-Chief is gravely blamed for having been content to remain for nearly twenty-four hours without any definite news, and for having personally intervened far too late and far too mildly. The behaviour of Liman von Sanders in similar circumstances stands in striking contrast, and had that vigorous commander been on the British side, there is no doubt that General Stopford would have received a very considerable shock at the moment when he was congratulating his troops on their successes. It is evident from numerous indications that General Stopford never had any faith in the enterprise which was committed to him, and in justice it must be said that there was much to daunt the faith of any man who did not possess quite the same degree of facile optimism as the Commander-in-Chief. The night landing and attack at Suvla Bay were operations of prodigious difficulty, depending upon a precision of movement and timing which, if they had completely succeeded in darkness and in unknown country, would have been little short of a miracle. The alternative to flawless success was almost certain confusion and demoralisation. A great commander doubtless might have restored the situation on the second day, and General Stopford's passivity cannot be condoned; but his task must not be underestimated. He considered it impossible to call on his disorganised troops for a spirited attack, in the absence of two essential elements—artillery and water. The first was certainly lacking, though General Stopford may have exaggerated the necessity for it; as for the second, we do not discover in this volume any rebuttal of General Stopford's plea or any denial of the truism that human beings cannot fight in Gallipoli in midsummer without water.

This volume is written with consistent force and ability, and with a dramatic sense of great issues which is not lost among masses of exact information. Once again we have cause to bless the fact that the Official History is not a mere tabulation of events and figures, nor yet an inspired vindication of British policy and British campaigns, but an impartial commentary on, as well as a veracious record of, momentous events. Whether or not the Gallipoli Campaign, despite its failure, remains a great strategical conception, each reader must judge for himself. Opinions must differ as to whether it is high strategy to throw an army blindly into a game of chance, in which everything depends on the first throw, against tremendous odds.

Nothing in this adventure became it like the leaving of it; and it is some compensation for much painful reading to close the tragic tale with the magnificent, if negative, achievement of the evacuation. C. K. A.



THE TREASURE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: AN INCENSE-BURNER FASHIONED BY A JAPANESE ARMOURER WORKING OUTSIDE HIS USUAL CRAFT. (PROBABLY LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

This figure of an eagle which has just alighted on a rock—presumably in search of its prey, a monkey—is a remarkable example of the art of the old Japanese armourer working for once outside his usual craft. It is composed, for the most part, of numerous small plates of iron so skillfully hammered and rivetted together as to produce a completely satisfying artistic effect; although, from a naturalist's point of view, it is just a vague and idealised representation of a bird of raptorial type. Actually, the figure forms an incense-burner; thus combining use with beauty. Its period is not easy to establish, but the late seventeenth century has been suggested for it. The wing-span is 3 ft. 1 in.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

disease, were exposed to all the horrors of winter in this bitter land, and the evacuation was postponed to a season when only miraculous good fortune—which the gods vouchsafed—could prevent the disaster of bad weather. During this period of delay, Lord Kitchener's personal anxieties were almost too much for any one man, and it is easy to criticise him; but we certainly gather the impression from this account that he outvalued Odysseus himself in "this way and that dividing the swift mind."

In this volume, as in all others of the Official History, an enormous amount of patient labour has been devoted to reconstructing the details of the fighting. What a melancholy tale it is of heroic but fruitless effort, of tragic waste upon unattainable objects! The history of arms surely cannot exhibit such another strategical anomaly as the situation of the Allied forces, maintaining a precarious foothold on the fringe of a barren peninsula and at every possible disadvantage from which an attacking force could suffer. And yet, unless the desperate hazard of the first

\* "Military Operations; Gallipoli: Vol. II. May 15 to the Evacuation." Compiled by Brigadier-General F. C. Aspinall-Oglander, C.B. C.M.G., D.S.O., p.s.c. (Heinemann; 75s.)

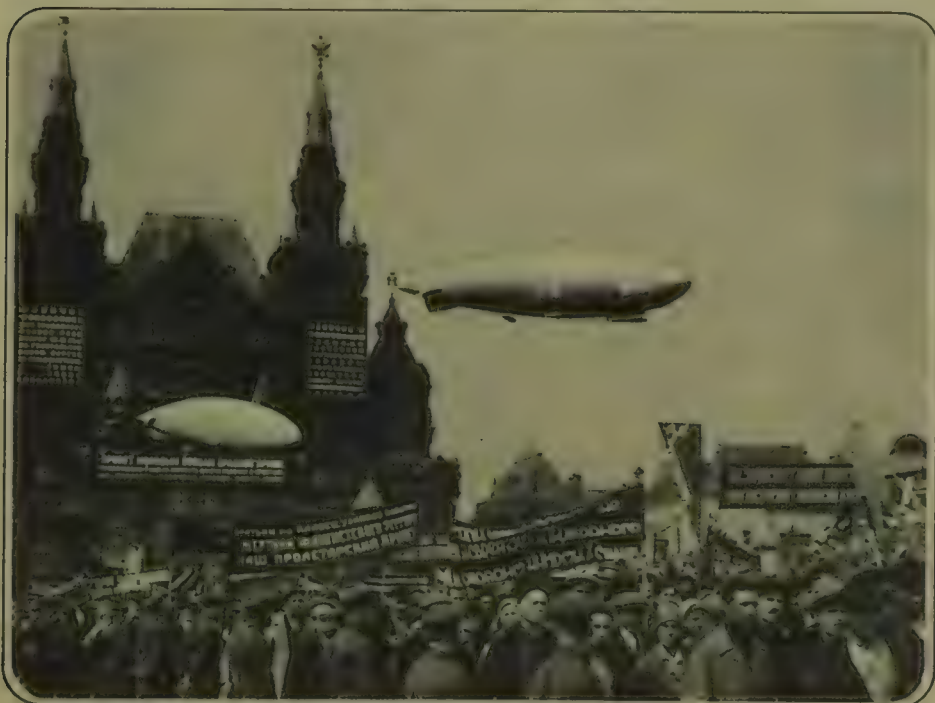
## MAY DAY IN THE RED SQUARE: MOSCOW'S DEMONSTRATION MORE ELABORATE THAN EVER.



THE MILITARY MIGHT OF SOVIET RUSSIA: HEAVY TRACTOR-DRAWN ARTILLERY IN FRONT OF BUILDINGS HUNG WITH A GIGANTIC LENIN POSTER.



A RED CAVALRY PARADE DURING THE DEMONSTRATIONS: TROOPERS OF AN ARM WHICH HAS ALWAYS RETAINED ITS PRIDE OF PLACE—FROM THE DAYS OF THE MONGOL INVASIONS TO THOSE OF THE CIVIL WAR.



"AIR-MINDED" RUSSIA: MODEL DIRIGIBLES BEING TOWED IN PROCESSION—AND A LAVISH DISPLAY OF BOLSHEVIST SLOGANS.

The First of May was marked in the world-famous Red Square, Moscow, by celebrations of unusual magnitude. Soldiers and heavy artillery paraded in the streets; and there were various demonstrations and marches during which miniature airships were towed over the heads of the crowd. These large models were inflated and brought out by workers from the dirigible works. At one point over a hundred aeroplanes flew in formation over the Red Square; and it was further arranged that the famous "Graf Zeppelin" should fly over Moscow. The "Graf Zeppelin," however, did not appear in time for



A WEIRD MODERNISTIC GROUP OF STATUARY PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS: AN AVIATOR; A GAS-MASKED WORKER; AND AN AEROPLANE.



GORKI IN MOSCOW ON MAY DAY:  
RUSSIA'S LEADING LIVING WRITER.



STALIN IN MOSCOW ON MAY DAY:  
THE VIRTUAL DICTATOR OF RUSSIA.

the demonstrations, and, it is stated, only passed over the city at sunset. In all, thousands of people marched behind the numerous bands in an impressive series of parades, bearing banners and placards. Readers may be interested to have the translation of the message on the huge banner which hangs beside the figure of Lenin, in the first photograph. It runs: "Long live the victorious advance of the proletarian revolution throughout the whole world!" Those who have been following recent developments in Russia will probably see in the strange figures of our fourth illustration some reference to the Soviet "Society for Aerial and Chemical Warfare." The chairman of this society recently joined with members of the Military Council in urging trade unions to prepare for military tasks as auxiliaries of the Army.

# THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT DOUMER: SCENES AFTER THE CRIME.



THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT BEING CARRIED OUT OF THE HOUSE IN PARIS, WHERE HE WAS SHOT, TO HIS MOTOR-CAR FOR CONVEYANCE TO THE BEAUJON HOSPITAL, WHERE HE DIED NEXT DAY: THE BEARERS WITH THEIR BURDEN DESCENDING THE STEPS, PRECEDED BY AN OFFICER WITH HAND LIFTED TO KEEP BACK THE CROWD IN THE STREET.



THE ARREST OF THE ASSASSIN: PAUL GORGULOFF, A RUSSIAN FANATIC, BEING HUSTLED AWAY BY FRENCH POLICE, WHOSE PROMPTITUDE, IT IS SAID, PROBABLY SAVED HIM FROM BEING LYNCHED.

M. Paul Doumer, the veteran President of the French Republic, died at the Beaujon Hospital, in Paris, in the early hours of May 7 from the effects of a murderous attack made upon him the previous day. On May 6 the President visited officially the annual sale of books by well-known authors for the benefit of ex-soldiers, held in a house in the Rue Berryer formerly owned by the Rothschild family. Just after his arrival, M. Doumer was entering the second room when a young man in the crowd of guests and spectators fired a series of



THE ASSASSIN AT A POLICE STATION: PAUL GORGULOFF, IN CUSTODY OF TWO POLICE OFFICERS, BEING INTERROGATED BY THE AUTHORITIES, TO WHOM HE IS SAID TO HAVE MADE A VERY INCOHERENT STATEMENT.

shots at him with a revolver at point-blank range. Two shots struck the President—one in the head and the other in the shoulder—while another wounded M. Claude Farrère, the novelist, who presided over the exhibition. President Doumer was carried out by the police and taken in his own car to the hospital, where he was attended by the leading French surgeons. At first it was hoped that he might recover, and blood transfusions were tried, but without avail. His wife and two daughters were present when he passed away. Shortly after his death his

*(Continued opposite.)*

# "A GREAT CITIZEN OF FRANCE" STRUCK DOWN BY AN ASSASSIN.



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT WOUNDED BY TWO REVOLVER SHOTS (IN THE HEAD AND SHOULDER): M. PAUL DOUMER BEING LIFTED INTO HIS CAR TO BE TAKEN TO HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE OUTRAGE.

*Continued.*

body was conveyed to the Elysée. Meanwhile the assassin had been seized by the police, whose promptitude in hustling him away was thought to have prevented his being lynched. It was asserted that he had bought three of M. Claude Farrère's books at the exhibition, just before M. Doumer's arrival, and had written in them: "Paul Gorguloff, chief of the Russian Fascists, who has just killed the President of the French Republic." At his interrogation, it is said, he stated that he was born at Labinskaia, in the Caucasus, in 1895, had practised as a

doctor in Prague, and came to France in 1930, when he married a Swiss woman. Latterly he had lived at Monaco, whence he travelled to Paris on the day before his crime. He was described as "unbalanced and fanatical." His wife (of whom a photograph is given on the succeeding page) when interrogated by the Monaco police, declared that she knew nothing of her husband's political activities. She was brought to Paris for further inquiries, but later was released. When searched Gorguloff was found to be in possession of two automatic pistols.

## PRESIDENT DOUMER: FOUR SONS GIVEN FOR FRANCE; BRITISH MOURNING.



THE MURDERED PRESIDENT WHO ROSE, LIKE ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FROM HUMBLE ORIGINS: THE LATE M. PAUL DOUMER WITH HIS WIFE.

THE LATE PRESIDENT DOUMER (ON THE RIGHT) WITH HIS ELDEST AND ONLY SURVIVING SON, FERNAND (STANDING NEXT), AND THE FOUR KILLED IN THE WAR, ABOUT WHOM HE WROTE IN HIS "BOOK OF MY SONS."



AN OFFICIAL EXPRESSION OF WIDESPREAD BRITISH SYMPATHY: AN IRISH GUARDS OFFICER WEARING A CRÊPE ARMLET DURING THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.



THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH NOVELIST WOUNDED BY THE PRESIDENT'S ASSASSIN AT THE BOOK EXHIBITION: M. CLAUDE FARRÈRE WITH HIS ARM IN PLASTER OF PARIS.



THE ASSASSIN'S WIFE BROUGHT FROM MONACO TO PARIS TO BE QUESTIONED REGARDING HER HUSBAND'S POLITICAL ACTIVITIES: MME. GORGULOFF.



THE MURDERED PRESIDENT'S LAST ACT OF POLITICAL DUTY: THE LATE M. PAUL DOUMER RECORDING HIS VOTE AT A POLLING STATION IN PARIS DURING THE RECENT PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS—ONE OF THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS OF HIM TAKEN BEFORE THE DAY OF THE FATAL OUTRAGE.

The assassination of President Doumer evoked world-wide indignation, especially in this country. The King said in his message of sympathy to Mme. Doumer: "The whole British people will share my horror at this wicked crime, and my deep sympathy with you and the French nation in your tragic bereavement." The Prince of Wales arranged to attend the national funeral in Paris on May 12. The original plan was that the dead President should rest in the Panthéon, but later it was announced that, at his widow's request, he would be buried beside his four soldier sons killed in the war, in the family grave at Vaugirard

Cemetery. Paul Doumer was born at Aurillac in 1857, the son of a working man, and began to earn his living at fourteen in a metal foundry. In his career, as in his fate, he resembled Abraham Lincoln, for his rise to the chief office in the State was entirely due to his own ability. As Governor-General of Indo-China, from 1897 to 1902, he did great work for French colonial administration. M. Claude Farrère, who (as previously noted) was wounded by the assassin's shots, was found to have been severely injured in the arm, which had to be bandaged in plaster of Paris. The doctors then found a second bullet lodged in the shoulder.

## FRANCE HONOURS HER MURDERED PRESIDENT: THE LYING-IN-STATE.



PRESIDENT DOUMER LYING IN STATE: THE CATAFALQUE IN THE ELYSÉE, WITH A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE FROM THE SONS OF A PREDECESSOR—PRESIDENT CARNOT—WHO WAS LIKEWISE ASSASSINATED.

After the body of the murdered President had been brought to the Elysée from the hospital where he died, it was placed in the Grand Salon, known as the Salon des Fêtes, on the ground floor of the palace, for the public lying-in-state. The catafalque stood at the far end of the chamber, beneath a great canopy of black cloth, from which hung alternate folds of tricolour and crape. The dead President was clothed in evening dress, with the red sash of the Legion of Honour. Only two of the many wreaths and flowers were actually placed beside the bier, the rest being laid apart. Upright against its foot rested an offering of special significance—a memorial branch of foliage with an

inscription, "Les Fils du Président Carnot au Président Doumer," offered by the sons of a former Chief of State who fell by the hand of an assassin. President Carnot, it may be recalled, was killed by an Italian anarchist at Lyons in 1894. Below this remembrance from his sons was placed a smaller branch from the Ligue des Écrivains Combattants (League of ex-Service Writers), at whose book exhibition President Doumer was shot. During the lying-in-state many thousands of mourners moved past the bier in reverent procession—men, women, and children of every age and condition of life, rendering a last tribute of respect to a son of the people who had deserved well of his country.

## THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



A NOTABLE EXHIBITION OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: A VIEW OF OXFORD, THE DETAILS OF THE ARCHITECTURE SHOWING UP WITH EXTRAORDINARY DISTINCTNESS.

The Exhibition of Aerial Photography, in which the two air photographs reproduced are included, is being held by Aerofilms, Ltd., at the Camera Club (17, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.2), and it will remain open until May 31. In the air view of Oxford, Pembroke College is seen in the left foreground, and Christ Church and "Tom Tower" are prominent in the right foreground, with

*(Continued opposite above.)*



AN AIR VIEW OF ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT: THE ROMANTIC SEA-GIRT FORTRESS-HOME OF LORD ST. LEVAN OFF THE CORNISH COAST.

Peckwater Quad lying beyond, and Oriel College next to right. The dome of the Radcliffe Camera is seen near the left centre. In the background, New College is prominent in the centre and Queen's College on the right. Our other air view (which bears the title of "The Rocky Islet of Cornwall") shows the village of Marazion in the background, and those who know St. Michael's Mount will note how clearly the causeway linking it with Marazion shows up, although apparently the tide is well in. There are fifty-eight exhibits in all, of varied interest, at the Exhibition.



SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER GOING TO SEE THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA: THE COUNTESS CIANO, IN A LITTER, ESCORTED BY MARSHAL CHANG HSUEH-LIANG (ON DONKEY-BACK).

During a recent visit to Nanking, the Countess Ciano went to see the Great Wall of China, a counterpart to which has lately been discovered in Peru (see page 795). The Countess is a daughter of Signor Mussolini, and wife of Count Ciano, Italian Consul-General at Shanghai. She remained in Shanghai, with her four-months-old baby, during the fighting, and was not alarmed by the artillery fire. Marshal Chang is the ex-ruler of Manchuria.



THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S ELDER SON NOW AT SCHOOL: VISCOUNT LASCELLES (CENTRE, HOLDING BOOK) AMONG HIS COMPANIONS.

Viscount Lascelles, elder son of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, entered Ludgrove School, at Cockfosters, in Hertfordshire, on May 5. He is now nine years old. In our photograph he is seen here leaving Christchurch, the Parish Church at Cockfosters, after the morning service, with a group of his schoolfellows.



BRITAIN'S HOPE FOR THE WATER-SPEED RECORD: "MISS ENGLAND III." DELIVERED ON COMPLETION AT THORNYCROFT'S—LORD WAKEFIELD AND MR. KAYE DON ON BOARD.

The new racing motor-boat, "Miss England III.", was formally handed over to Lord Wakefield (seen on board with Mr. Kaye Don) at the works of Thornycroft and Co., her designers and builders, at Hampton-on-Thames, on May 9. She is to go to Lake Garda for her first trials, and compete in the regatta to be held there from May 22 to 29, in an effort to regain the world's speed record for power-driven boats. The present record (111.71 m.p.h.) is held by Car Wood's "Miss America IX." The highest speed attained by "Miss England II." was 110.28 m.p.h.



A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT DOUMER AT INTERNATIONAL FOOTBALL: THE FRENCH CAPTAIN GIVES THE SCOTTISH CAPTAIN (RIGHT) A BLACK-DRAPED FLAG.

In honour of the murdered President, black armbands were worn by all the players in the International "Soccer" match between France and Scotland, at the Colombes Stadium, near Paris, on May 8, and before the match they and the spectators stood to attention for one minute. It will be noticed that the French captain, in our illustration, holds a flag furled in his hand, besides the one that he is presenting to the Scottish captain. Scotland defeated France on this occasion by three goals to one.

# THE LYONS LANDSLIP: THE PROSPECTIVE FRENCH PREMIER AS RESCUER.



A DISASTER IN WHICH OVER THIRTY PEOPLE PERISHED: WRECKAGE OF TWO COLLAPSED HOUSES, SHOWING WATER FROM HOSES, EXPOSED ROOMS WITH PICTURES STILL HANGING, AND PART OF THE BROKEN RETAINING WALL BEHIND.



THE WRECKAGE AS SEEN FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE: ANOTHER VIEW, SHOWING FIREMEN AND RESCUERS AT WORK AMONG THE RUINS OF THE FALLEN HOUSES AT THE FOOT OF CROIX-ROUSSE HILL AT LYONS.



THE PROSPECTIVE PREMIER OF THE NEXT FRENCH GOVERNMENT TAKES A PROMINENT PART IN THE WORK OF RESCUE: M. HERRIOT (THE DARK-HATTED FIGURE NEAR THE CENTRE, AND LOOKING ROUND TOWARDS THE RIGHT), WHO HAS BEEN MAYOR OF LYONS FOR MANY YEARS, AND LIVES IN THE COURS D'HERBOUVILLE, WHERE THE RETAINING WALL THAT GAVE WAY IS SITUATED.

Lyons has again been the scene of a disastrous landslip, due to heavy rains loosening the subsoil of a hillside, as in November 1930, when 41 people perished in the collapse of a row of houses. The recent disaster occurred at about 8.30 a.m. on May 8, when part of a great retaining wall, nearly 100 ft. high, in the Cours d'Herbouville, gave way, and hundreds of tons of earth poured down upon two four-storey houses, immediately below, at the foot of Croix-Rousse Hill. Within a few seconds, one house and most of the other were reduced to a heap of rubble, in which their occupants were buried. It was estimated on May 9 that between 32 and 36 persons still lay beneath

the ruins. Rescue parties of firemen, soldiers, and volunteers were at once organised, and one woman was brought out alive after 18 hours. Nine people were also rescued by fire-escapes from upper storeys left standing. A prominent part was taken in the rescue work by M. Edouard Herriot, leader of the Radical Socialists and almost certainly the next Premier of France, as a result of the elections. He has been Mayor of Lyons for 25 years, and himself lives in the Cours d'Herbouville. To prevent danger to rescuers, unstable walls had to be demolished. First dynamite was used, and then field-guns were brought up and fragments still standing were destroyed by explosive shell-fire.

# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NOW that a generation has arisen which knew not the war, or knew it only through the eyes and mind of childhood, it is more than ever necessary that the conditions of that long agony should be truly portrayed; not so much "lest we forget" (for who that lived through it can fail to remember?), but lest those with young memories unclouded fail to realise what the world then endured, and take no thought for the menace of to-morrow. Manifestly, their only means of learning the lessons of the war are books, plays, film-pictures, and the recollections of their elders. Of these, literature is the chief source of information, as being the most permanent and the most widely accessible. It becomes a matter of the highest importance, therefore, that the generation now beginning to take a hand in public affairs should read about the war, and, further, that they should read the right books.

Much admirable advice on the choice—and avoidance—of war books may be found in the foreword to "WARRIOR." By Lieut.-Col. Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C. With eighty-one illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). As a general picture of the British soldier's character, and of his experience on the Western Front, nothing could surpass this vital and authoritative work. The author, who hurried home from official duties in Rhodesia when the war began, to rejoin his regiment (the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders), served with high distinction throughout the whole four years, surviving more than one serious wound. His experiences were mainly in the fighting line, but he also had opportunities to study the system of recruiting and training, and, as a casualty himself, the work of the medical and nursing services. He is thus amply qualified to give a comprehensive view of the British infantryman on active service. In his previous book, "Footslogger," he described his own experiences. The present work, though part of it covers some of the same ground, has a much wider scope, for he has sought throughout to present what he saw and did and felt as typical and representative of the universal experience, and to blend these personal matters with general descriptions of various phases of life at the front, while touching briefly upon questions of high strategy.

From certain passages in his foreword, I was afraid at first that Colonel Hutchison had adopted an impersonal and allegorical method, and—truth to tell—I am not fond of allegory. "It is the purpose of this volume," he writes, "to tell the story of the Warrior, in order that the part which man, the Briton, played from the beginning to the end shall be known to history. . . . He is all the type of England and of Wales, of Scotland, Ireland, the Dominions, and our Colonies." As I read on, however, I perceived with some relief that the story was not, after all, going to prove so abstract and symbolic as the above passage might suggest. "I am tempted," the Colonel adds, "to write of some imaginary person, a composite, my shadow, and that of thousands of others with whom I came in contact during those four tragic, thrilling, happy years. But then, that would be but imagery. Truth would be sacrificed or camouflaged in the endeavour to shade over my own personality and to merge it in that of others. I was an average man, of average age, of average experience, possessed of the average of British characteristics, virtue and fault alike. I am Warrior."

On these lines the Colonel has presented a moving mind-picture of the great drama. It amounts to a prose epic, with its high points of tragic intensity and its lighter interludes. He is always interesting and stimulating, whether he is describing a battle or a trench raid, the flooding of the trenches on both sides through a dam burst, which led to an "unwritten armistice," the incomparable Allied drive in the closing months, and scenes of joy in towns freed from the invader; whether he is discussing the relative merits in leadership of Foch and Haig and other generals, or the friendly relations between officers and men, or the spiritual sufferings of educated recruits in training at the hands of "beefy" and blasphemous N.C.O.'s of the earlier type. It is all wonderfully vivid and invigorating, and a word should be said about the excellence of the illustrations, which include sketches by such famous artists as the late Sir William Orpen and John Sargent, some

by the author himself, and many dramatic photographs, from the German side as well as that of the Allies.

In describing the triumphant Allied advance in the autumn of 1918, Colonel Hutchison draws a comparison between Foch and Marlborough, and pays a splendid tribute to the great eighteenth-century commander who, as a captain, stands alone with an unbroken record of victory. "The student," he continues, "may well compare the history of Marlborough's epoch with that of the Allies." It cannot be said that the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet holds quite the place to which he is entitled in our national Valhalla. He ought to be with Wellington and Nelson, but somehow he has been rather put on the shelf. Perhaps we feel that Blenheim Palace was a large enough monument for anyone. Now, however, an eminent military historian, with his accustomed skill and charm, has revived the memory of the great Duke's achievement in a little book entitled "MARLBOROUGH." By the Hon. Sir John Fortesque. With a Frontispiece and seven Maps (Peter Davies; 5s.). This is a companion volume to Col. Buchan's "Julius Cæsar," which I mentioned last week, and it should be read concurrently with Mr. Frank Chantillon's memoir of the Duchess of Marlborough, "Sarah Churchill," reviewed here a few weeks ago.

Sir John Fortesque recalls that Marlborough's military genius was combined with personal charm and fascination. "In the field, of course, he commanded the loyal devotion and confidence of officers not less than of men. . . . While 'Corporal John' was with them, every officer and man felt that all was well." From the biography of his wife we learned that she could be very trying, and that she used to bombard him with worrying letters during his campaigns. Nevertheless, they were devoted to each other. "It is this touching simplicity of his wedded love," Sir John concludes, "which makes Marlborough so human to us. . . . There is no statue of him in London, and he needs none. If there had been no Marlborough, England would have sunk into a mere province of France, and the United States would have been French, not English. There would have been no occasion for our first port, which Marlborough gave us, in the Mediterranean. There would have been no England as we know it, and no British Empire."

Seeing that the Empire does exist (thanks to John Churchill), let us consider two books by men who, in our own day, have done yeoman service on its outposts. One is "FORTY YEARS IN AFRICA." By Major Tudor G. Trevor. With Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood, Bt., Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge. With Frontispiece Portrait of the author (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.). Major Trevor tells his memories in racy, anecdotal vein, vastly entertaining. He introduces himself as "sixteenth in the family of a Welsh squire with ancestry lost in the mists of antiquity," and opens with a brief outline of his career. "Having roughly sketched out my life," he continues, "may I now paint it red?" This he proceeds to do, with telling effect, in a succession of episodes that include incidents of campaigning both in the Boer War and the German "South-West" during the Great War. Sir William Birdwood aptly describes the result as "thumb-nail sketches picked out in glowing colours, camp yarns with the aroma of

strong coffee, the fumes of strong drink, the pungency of tobacco, of bone and sinew—stark desert drama. . . . The pioneer spirit breathes from every page."

India and Aden, as well as north-east Africa, provide the background for a kindred volume of stirring reminiscences by another man of action on the Empire's far-flung frontiers, namely, "UNDER THE FLAG": and Somali Coast Stories. By Langton Prendergast Walsh, C.I.E. With Frontispiece Portrait (Melrose; 21s.). Born in India (at Baroda) the year before the Mutiny, the author, in 1873, entered the Marine Postal Service, and in 1879 transferred to the Bombay Political Service. Three years later he was attached to the Indian Division's Staff in Egypt, and fought at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. In 1884 his services were lent to the British Foreign Office for consular and administration work in Berbera and Zeila, and he remained in that district eight years, during which he raised the Somali Coast Protectorate Police. Later, he served as Political Assistant in Kathiawar, Aden, and the Southern Maratha country.

There is an element of grievance in the author's retrospect of his official career. In a passage that throws light thereon, and also indicates the character of the Somali "coast stories," he says: "As the first appointed British Representative at Berbera, I claim to have been the pioneer of Somaliland. . . . Hunter and I were nevertheless regarded by some home politicians as barbarians, and our methods those of savages; with the result that both of us, and later on all officers of the Indian Services, who for nine years had successfully administered Somaliland, were swept out and replaced by the *alumni* of the British Colonial Office. . . . One of the reasons for the abolition of the Indian régime was that we held (if we were able to catch her) the wife of a chief, or any female relative, as a hostage until live-stock looted by their tribe had been restored or paid for. Also that, in order to compel two tribes to stop fighting, we influenced and arranged marriages between young girls and young men belonging to the two tribes embroiled." "Romeo and Juliet" romances with a difference!

During his adventurous life the author has had interesting dealings with many notable people, including an ex-Emperor of Brazil, whom he found exhausted while ascending the Great Pyramid; General Ulysses Grant (a fellow-passenger on board a P. and O. liner), who expressed strong opinions on Ireland, in favour of the Ulster loyalists; Captain (later Sir Richard) Burton, whose book, "First Footsteps in N.E. Africa," he considers, "still remains the best authority on Somaliland"; and General Gordon, of whom he tells some queer stories in a critical spirit. Among other anecdotes is a mysterious affair having affinities to the plot of Wilkie Collins's novel "The Moonstone." A rather similar instance of a real-life basis for fiction, by the way, occurs in Major Trevor's book, where he describes an eerie visit to a cave to see a mysterious white woman reputed over 200 years old, who ruled some native



A BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS ON THE SHIRE RIVER: A NYASALAND STUDY.



HONOURING THE MEMORY OF THE FIRST BRITISH SUBJECT WHO ENTERED TIMBUCTOO: A PLAQUE ABOVE THE DOORWAY OF A MUD HOUSE INHABITED BY MAJOR ALEXANDER LAING, WHO WAS MURDERED IN 1826.

While trying to discover the source of the Niger, Major Laing entered Timbuctoo on April 18, 1826. He was the first British subject to do so. He was murdered near Timbuctoo by religious fanatics later in that year, for refusing to renounce his religion. The plaque was the generous gift of the African Society, and was unveiled recently by the British Mission sent from the Gold Coast to Timbuctoo, under the auspices of the Government of French West Africa.

tribes in the Northern Transvaal. What the Major actually saw (under hypnotic influence, he believes) was a woman's hand, appearing through the smoke of altar fires. The story is believed to have given Rider Haggard his inspiration for "She." Major Trevor suggests that some European woman survivor from a shipwreck may actually have been the original of such a legend. C. E. B.

# The Charm of de Hooch: A Masterpiece of Dutch Art.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE MEDICI SOCIETY.



"THE PANTRY," BY PIETER DE HOOCH (1629--83): A TYPICAL SCENE OF 17TH-CENTURY DUTCH DOMESTICITY.

Pieter de Hooch, who ranks among the finest of the Dutch Masters of the great period, was especially happy in his treatment of domestic interiors. Thus in a very interesting book published by the Medici Society, "The Dutch School of Painting," by S. C. Kaines Smith, we read: "De Hooch is above all things intimately human. Broadly speaking, his work can be divided into two main groups: the earlier phase in which his keen and sympathetic sense of beauty is exercised upon comparatively common things—the brickwork of a house in afternoon light, the tiles of a courtyard with the sunshine streaming down a passage, and the familiar

association of mistresses and servants, mothers and children, such as 'The Courtyard of a Dutch House,' 'The Pantry,' or 'The Linen Press'; and the later phase in which he seems to hunger after more refined settings, as in 'The Card Players.' . . . He very seldom went beyond Holland for his subjects, but he knew his Holland very well indeed—from rich to poor, from dawn to sunset, from a bunch of tulips to a burgomaster." The above picture was one of twelve examples of de Hooch included in the Exhibition of Dutch Art at the Royal Academy in 1929, and will doubtless be familiar to many of our readers who visited that Exhibition.

# A Rhenish Cathedral Treasure Exhibited in London: Mediaeval Tapestry, Gold-Work, and Illuminated Manuscript.

FROM THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF THE TREASURE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF MAINZ, AT THE GALLERIES OF MESSRS. SPINK AND SON, LTD., 5-7, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.



1. ONE OF TWO SUPERB EXAMPLES OF FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TEXTILE ART OF THE MIDDLE RHINE, "WHICH REFLECT VERY DELIGHTFULLY A PECULIARLY GERMAN TREND OF POETICAL IMAGINATION": A STRIP OF TAPESTRY WOVEN IN WOOL, DATING FROM ABOUT 1450-75, POSSIBLY MADE AT MAINZ, AND NOW OWNED BY THE DIOCESAN MUSEUM IN THAT CITY—THE DESIGN REPRESENTING FABULOUS MONSTERS AND HUMAN FIGURES, AND INCLUDING ALSO (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) TWO COATS-OF-ARMS, WITH CRESTS RESPECTIVELY OF A DOG'S HEAD AND A DEMI-LION CROWNED. (SIZE, 26 BY 120 IN.)



2. THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY GOLDSMITH'S ART: A SILVER-GILT BOOK-COVER (ABOUT 1350) FOR A LECTIOINARY, WITH A RELIEF OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD BETWEEN TWO ANGELS, ST. PETER AND PAUL ABOVE, AND ENAMEL BORDER WITH HEADS OF ANGELS AND SAINTS.



3. ENCASED THE TENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPT OF WHICH A PAGE IS SHOWN IN NO. 4: A SUPERB FOURTEENTH-CENTURY BOOK-COVER (DATED 1300-50, MADE IN SILVER-GILT AND ADORNED WITH A RELIEF OF THE CRUCIFIXION—FORMERLY IN THE CHURCH OF ST. STEPHAN AT MAINZ).



4. A MANUSCRIPT "OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE": A TYPICAL PAGE OPENING IN A TENTH-CENTURY LECTIOINARY, ILLUMINATED PROBABLY AT TRÈVES AND WRITTEN IN GOLD LETTERS ON A PURPLE GROUND (ENCASED IN THE BOOK-COVER SHOWN IN NO. 3 ADJOINING).



5. AKIN TO JEWELLERY MADE FOR THE MOTHER-IN-LAW OF CANUTE'S DAUGHTER: A PAIR OF ELEVENTH-CENTURY BROOCHES, IN GOLD FILIGREE SET WITH PEARLS, AMETHYSTS, AND SAPPHIRES. (ACTUAL SIZE).

As promised in our last issue, where we illustrated in black and white examples from the same source (including the brooches seen above in No. 5), we now show in their original colours exquisite works of mediæval art in the Loan Exhibition of the Treasure of Mainz Cathedral, which Cardinal Bourne arranged to open on May 2 in the galleries of Messrs. Spink and Son, by whose courtesy we give the reproductions. This exhibition, which is in aid of the Mainz Diocesan Charities, and continues until May 27, affords Londoners a rare opportunity. The catalogue contains an introduction by Professor Tancréd Borenius, who writes: "There are two superb tapestries (*v.g.*, No. 1) woven with such subjects as . . . young men and women among fabulous beasts, compositions these which reflect very delightfully a peculiarly German trend of poetical imagination." And again: "The art of illumination is nobly represented by one manuscript of the

highest importance—the late tenth-century lectionary, illuminated probably at Trèves, and written in gold letters on a purple ground (No. 4). This is encased in a superb fourteenth-century cover, in silver-gilt (No. 3) adorned with a relief of the Crucifixion. Three other contemporary book covers (*v.g.*, No. 2) are also very striking examples of the goldsmith's art. The most ancient specimen of that art in the exhibition is, however, the pair of early eleventh-century brooches (No. 5), which for richness of effect, devoid of any suggestion of garishness, would be difficult to beat." A note in the catalogue states: "These brooches, in style, are very closely akin to the magnificent set of jewellery associated with Gisela, consort of the Emperor Conrad II. (1024-39), whose son, the future Emperor Henry III. (1039-56) married as his first wife Gunhild, daughter of Canute, and known in Germany as Kunigunde."



*'By Appointment'*

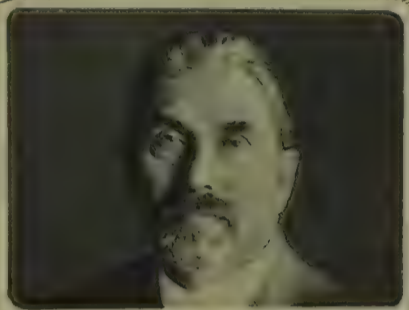


## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



**SIR DOUGLAS NEWTON.**

Appointed agricultural adviser to the United Kingdom delegation to the Ottawa Conference. Chairman of the Conservative Agricultural Committee. Member of the Ministry of Agriculture's Advisory Committee. M.P., Cambridge Borough.



**SIR ERNEST GRAY.**

Died May 6; aged seventy-four. An active member, and former President, of the N.U.T. Conservative M.P. for West Ham, 1895-1906. M.P. for Accrington, Lancs., 1918-1922. Member of L.C.C. for some fifteen years.



**M. ALBERT THOMAS.**

The Director of the International Labour Office. Died suddenly on May 7. He was born in 1878, and in 1904 was sub-editor of "l'Humanité," under Jaurès. He became Under-Secretary of State for Munitions in 1915; and, in 1916, Minister of Munitions. At the International Labour Conference at Washington, in 1920, he was appointed Director of the International Labour Office, Geneva.



**THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF BIRMINGHAM: SIR B. CADBURY, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, AND SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN IN PROCESSION.**

Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was made a Freeman of Birmingham on May 6, in recognition of his services to the city. In the course of his reply to the Lord Mayor's speech, Mr. Chamberlain said: "The people of this country will not readily imperil the ground they have won by weakening in the determination that will maintain their efforts until they can feel that their feet are firmly planted on the road to prosperity."



**THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT: M. ALBERT LEBRUN.**

M. Lebrun, the President of the Senate, was elected President of the Republic by the National Assembly of France convened on May 10. He had formerly been a Minister of War and a Minister of the Colonies; and also President of the National Sinking Fund. He is sixty-one years old. It was thought at first that M. Painlevé would contest the Presidency as candidate of the Parties of the left, but his candidature was withdrawn at the last moment.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**GENERAL EVERARD BARING.**

Chairman of the Southern Railway Company since 1924. Died May 7; aged sixty-six. Served in the Sudan Campaign, 1898. Military Secretary to Lord Curzon in India, 1899-1904. Joined British South East Africa Company, 1913.



**THE NEW BISHOP OF KENSINGTON.**

The Rev. B. F. Simpson, formerly vicar of St. Peter, Cranley Gardens, Kensington, and Chaplain to his Majesty. Appointed to the Suffragan Bishopric of Kensington, in succession to the Rt. Rev. J. M. Maud, on May 7.



**MAJOR W. ORMSBY-GORE.**

First Commissioner of Works. Tendered his resignation as a Trustee of the National Gallery on May 3. This resignation follows that of Sir Charles Holmes, the Director, which occurred some time ago; that of Mr. W. G. Constable, the Assistant Director; and, more recently, that of Mr. Collins Baker, the Keeper. Major Ormsby-Gore has been M.P. for Stafford since 1918.



**THE VISIT OF THE EMIR FEISAL TO ENGLAND: THE EMIR (LEFT) LEAVING HIS HOTEL TO BE RECEIVED BY THE KING IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.**

The Emir Feisal, the second son of the King of the Hejaz, arrived in England on May 7. He was met at Victoria by Lord Allendale, on behalf of the King; by Mr. J. B. Monck, representing the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and by Major-General Sir Percy Cox. On the following day the Emir was received by his Majesty at Buckingham Palace. It was further stated that the Emir would attend the Court at Buckingham Palace on May 11.



**THE ENGAGEMENT OF MISS AMY JOHNSON AND MR. J. A. MOLLISON: MISS JOHNSON AND MR. MOLLISON IN LONDON ON MAY 10.**

The engagement of Miss Amy Johnson, the heroine of the lone Australian flight, to Mr. J. A. Mollison, who recently flew solo to Cape Town, was announced on May 10. Miss Johnson is reported to have said that she first met Mr. Mollison two years ago in Australia. At that time Mr. Mollison was a pilot employed by Australian National Airways, and flew the machine which took Miss Johnson from Brisbane to Sydney, after her flight from England.

# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: INTERESTING EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



FRANCE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM DOVER WHEN BARELY VISIBLE TO THE EYE: This remarkable photograph was taken by the "Times" with the aid of 1600 infra-red plates and filter, when the atmospheric conditions made the French coast almost invisible to the eye. A parallax caused by the use of an infra-red photographic plate and filter, for, although it is impossible to see the "picture" on the focusing screen (as ordinary light is cut off by the infra-red filter placed close to the lens), the filter passes infra-red rays to the sensitive plate and thus registers the scene, and, moreover, reveals it with detail greater than that observable by human eyes looking at the original. The



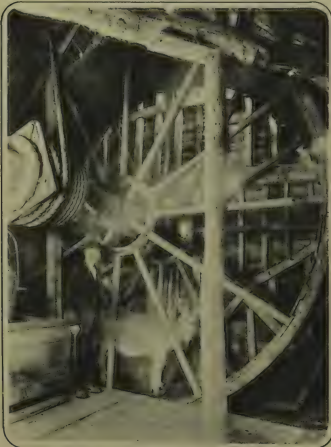
HEALTH AND BEAUTY IN HYDE PARK: A DEMONSTRATION OF "PHYSICAL JERKS" GIVEN BY FIVE WOMEN

The Women's League of Health and Beauty was founded in March 1920, and has 4500 members to-day. On May 7 over five hundred members of the League gave their second demonstration of "physical jerks" and slimming exercises in Hyde Park, and attracted a large and enthusiastic crowd. The exercises were performed to the rhythm of popular dance-tunes. In the evening a more advanced demonstration, including Greek dancing, was given in the Albert Hall.



NEW ZEALAND'S FLOATING DOCK OFFICIALLY TESTED: THE S.S. "RUAHINE" BEING LIFTED CLEAR OF THE WATER IN SUCCESSFUL TRIALS OF THE WELLINGTON DOCK.

Wellington Harbour Board's Jubilee Floating Dock, which was recently delivered after a record tow from this country, underwent official tests on April 2. The New Zealand Shipping Company's "Ruahine," of 11,200 tons deadweight, was lifted clear of the water, as seen in our photograph. It was then successfully raised a further eight or ten feet in order to satisfy the conditions of the supply contract.



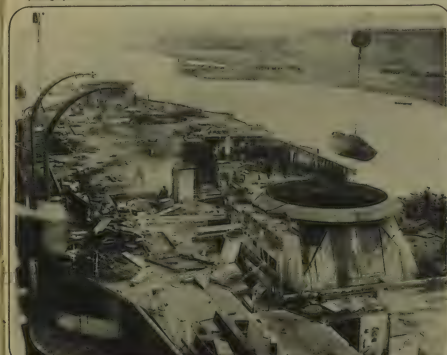
TO BE PRESERVED IN THE LUTON MUSEUM: THE OLD DONKEY-WHEEL AT REIMS, FRANCE. This interesting relic of English rural life, dating, as our correspondent informs us, from the seventeenth century, is to be presented to the Luton Museum. Worked by donkey power, the wheel drew water from a well pierced through the chalk to a depth of 300 feet below the surface.



THE CHARGES AGAINST CERTAIN OF KREUGER'S DIRECTORS: PROCEEDINGS IN COURT AT STOCKHOLM, WITH M. HULTZ (RIGHT), ACCUSED OF FRAUDULENTLY MANIPULATING ACCOUNTS, UNDER EXAMINATION BEFORE THE JUDGE. The trial of those arrested on charges connected with the Krueger affair began in Stockholm on May 6. The three directors and the accountant in the right-hand photograph were accused of having helped Krueger in fraudulently manipulating his company's accounts. The trial was begun at the City Court before Judge Bratt; with M. Sandstrom, the police member presiding. With reference to the contention that the defendants had treated Krueger implicitly, the prosecutor, according to the "Times" report,



A WONDERFUL RECORD ACHIEVED BY LONG-FOCUS INFRA-RED PHOTOGRAPHY, photograph here reproduced was taken from the Old Park behind the town of Dover, and shows a stretch of the French coast between Sangatte and Boulogne. The lighthouse of Cape Gris Nez, over twenty miles away, is indicated by an arrow. Behind the coastline, the outlines of hills and fields in France may be distinguished. A peculiarity of infra-red photography is that foliage appears white in the photograph. This effect is caused by the filter obstructing the reflection of ordinary light and admitting only the reflection of infra-red rays. [Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the "Times".]



THE DEMOLITION OF A SEA GIANT: H.M.S. "TIGER" BEING BROKEN UP AT MESSRS. THOMAS

WARD'S SHIP-BREAKING YARD AT INVERKEITHING. One of the most famous of British battle cruisers is here seen at the ship-breakers' in the pathetic state which precedes complete demolition. The "Tiger" was begun in 1912 and launched in 1913. She was of 28,500 tons and had twelve six-inch guns in addition to the main armament of eight 12-inch guns. At the beginning of the war she represented the last word in battle cruiser construction.



THE GERMAN EMPEROR, PRINCE KLEINSMITH HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY: A RECEPTION AT THE CÄCILIENHOF CASTLE, NEAR POTSDAM.

On May 6 the ex-Crown Prince William held a reception at his castle in celebration of his fiftieth birthday. Several of his relatives and famous figures of the past were among the guests. On the Prince's right is General von Mackensen, with the ex-Crown Prince standing by him. On the extreme left of the photograph are the ex-Crown Prince's two sons. Other generals of the Great War attended the reception, wearing uniforms and decorations.



THE CHARGES AGAINST CERTAIN OF KREUGER'S DIRECTORS: THE ARRESTED MEN IN COURT—MR. LANGE (LEFT), HULTZ, AND HOLM, ALL DIRECTORS OF THE KREUGER COMPANY, AND H. WENDLER (RIGHT), THE ACCOUNTANT. declared: "I will say already at this stage of the proceedings that all this talk about everybody trusting Krueger blindly is a myth. The investigations very early revealed the fact that Krueger was not a clever business man at all. As far as possible he made use of lying and swindling. The investigation also shows that many persons knew what Krueger's business talents amounted to. These persons depended on him, relying not upon his business ability, but upon his capacity to dupe mankind."



A BRITISH SCIENTIFIC FEAT: THE APPARATUS BY WHICH THE ATOM WAS SPLIT AT CAMBRIDGE.

Experiments in atomic disintegration, carried out at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, by Dr. E. T. Walton and Dr. J. D. Cockcroft, who were working under Lord Rutherford, have aroused great interest in scientific circles. A vacuum tube firing millions of particles a second was used.

## Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"SECRET SENTENCE" is the story of a political assassination and its effect on the life and character of the man who committed it. Joachim Burthe was a student of law in the university of Berlin. He came of a good but impoverished family; indeed, the miserable plight of his parents was partly responsible for his sense of social grievance. He fell in with a group of young men who professed revolutionary opinions and were always drawing up Black Lists. Prominent among them was Gregor von Askanus. Older than the others, with the prestige of having fought in the war, he gained an ascendancy over the callow mind of Joachim Burthe; and it was partly to prove his mettle to Askanus and the rest that Joachim decided to murder the President—an excellent man and, according to his own lights, a patriot. More than half-way through the story, Joachim confesses to the asylum doctor how the deed was done. Except for the terrific nervous and mental strain, it had been as easy as falling off a log.

The rest was not so easy. The police were soon on Joachim's track. He ran away from home, lived from hand to mouth, was always scenting danger and bolting—generally from imaginary terrors. For a long time his sufferings brought no sense of expiation, but at last a famous psychiatrist cured him, both mind and body.

It is a painful story, and, though very ably told, does not show Miss Baum's remarkable talent quite at its best. Her gift is to describe ordinary human beings. Joachim tends to fall between two stools: he is too symbolic to engage our sympathies as an individual, and yet too much of an individual to stand as a type of sinning and suffering humanity.

The sea has made a good background for many a novel, and it has not failed Mr. Leo Walmsley. He portrays it, as a rule, in angry mood, hungry for the lives of Yorkshire fishermen. The Lunn and the Fosdycks, however, are not intimidated by winter or summer storms. Indeed, they are more afraid of each other. Their rivalry, which is also the rivalry between motor "coble" and sailing-ship, animates the story; the amiable and reckless Marney Lunn, with his baby daughter and loving but fault-finding wife, humanises it. The narrator (a partner and partisan of the Lunn) is a non-entity, but he has the value of an eye-witness to this stirring, well-written book.



MISS VINA DELMAR,  
AUTHOR OF  
"WOMEN LIVE TOO LONG."

Dynastic novels are in the fashion, but even if they were not, "Sons of Singermann" would still be a fine story—series of stories, one should say, for old Moses Singermann (now dead, and resting in a plain but impressive tomb) had many children, all of whom contribute their histories to the main saga, just as their considerable fortunes contribute to the success and splendour of the Singermann store. Perhaps none of them possesses the forceful (but unpleasant) personality of the old man; they have interests outside Silver Bow and money-making: some are artistic; one is degenerate. There has been back-sliding, too, in the matter of religion: they are no longer good Jews. But they are vital, vivid people, who can still occasionally inspire their creator to cumbrous but genuine poetry.

"Women Live Too Long" is also an American novel, but of a different temper. Families, particularly Jewish ones, are tough, if not indestructible; they give hostages to Fortune and some of these hostages turn out well. Individuals are fragile and perishable. All the eggs are in one basket. Particularly was this true of Iris Arden. Her immediate relations had died young, and she herself confidently expected a similar fate. Meanwhile, she lived at high tension. An orphan without money, she strove desperately to secure employment behind the footlights. The path of glory that leads to Hollywood is hard to find compared with those broader tracks that lead nowhere; and Iris Arden, in spite of a taking personality, did not at first impress theatrical agents. Then suddenly she made a hit on the legitimate stage, she became famous; she was a wife of whom any husband might be proud. Pat was proud, no doubt, but he was also bewildered, and sought consolation in the arms of a very ordinary young woman. Iris could not forget this lapse, and the promise of longevity, announced by the arrival of her thirty-first birthday, filled her with gloom. All the same, I do not think that Miss Delmar's bright, clever story proves its thesis. Most

women in Iris's position would have been only too glad to go on living.

"Eve, an Artist's Model" is much more sanguine in tone; but then Eve was not a woman to whom husbands were likely to prove unfaithful. It was much more probable that she, lovely, charming, unconventional, spontaneous, would be unfaithful to her elderly husband. Sam



MR. LEO WALMSLEY, AUTHOR OF "THREE FEVERS."

Mr. Walmsley's new novel, "Three Fevers," concerns itself with Yorkshire fishermen. The author, it may be added, is a keen fly-fisher. He is also much interested in fishing in general. And, as a "side-line," he has invented the collapsible lobster-trap with which he is here seen.

Gilbey, a rich man and a distinguished painter, gave her a position and a life different from anything she had known as a humble model in Chelsea. But she was not a snob; she did not want to stand at the head of a marble staircase receiving guests; she yearned to be petted and made much of. She had refused to marry young Stephen Raymond, her true affinity, thinking she would handicap his career; but her generous nature could not thrive on self-discipline and self-sacrifice. Sir Owen Treowen was not Stephen, but, at any rate, he offered her a haven from her boring round of social duties. The imminent crisis is averted by her loyalty and her husband's change of heart. Mr. Sladen's book is packed with incident, but its charm



MR. ADRIAN ALINGTON,  
AUTHOR OF "MR. JUBENKA."

lies in the character of the heroine and her sweet, yielding, softly-rounded nature.

Mr. Alington is a versatile writer: it is a far cry from "The Career of Julian Stanley-Williams" to "Mr. Jubenka." His pen has lost its venom; this is a kindly satire, in parts amusing and even brilliant. The

"Ruritanian" passages, necessary to explain how Paul, *de jure* King of Strabonia, and his two friends came to be paying guests in the vicarage of Rusty Hamlet, Sussex, are not very exciting. Nor does the fugitive monarch himself pull his weight in the story; he is a handsome figure-head and something of a prig, but no more. The entertainment is provided by Count Jansic's impressions of the people of Rusty Hamlet, and theirs of him: and much of it is very funny.

There is plenty of humour, too, in "The Silver-Gilt Standard." The theme of the story is of the slightest. A Conservative candidate's wife paints a picture which is to be shown in a local exhibition. Two worthies of the district, General Pinker and Mr. Pouncett, the fishmonger, consider the picture indecent. Everyone thinks it will jeopardise the candidate's chances, but the painter's artistic conscience will not allow her to modify it. The situation that arises is described by "George Birmingham" with characteristic gusto.

Miss Dorothy Sayers' mammoth detective-story, "Have His Carcase," is as full of material as an egg is of meat. There is a cipher, a rumour of Bolshevik machinations, everything except (during a great part of the story) a corpse. The tide had washed away the body of the Russian gigolo from the top of Flat-Iron Rock, but not before Miss Harriet Vane (herself a writer of detective stories) had seen and photographed it. Lord Peter Wimsey had sentimental reasons for wanting to co-operate with Miss Vane; but his approach to the problem of Antoine's death was not (as his admirers will know) at all sentimental; it was thorough and businesslike. The criminals, however, had laid their plans with so much care, especially in the matter of establishing alibis, that Lord Peter, working in perfect harmony with the police, takes four hundred and fifty pages to unravel the mystery. The reader follows him breathlessly part of the way, but the course is severe to non-sleuth-like readers.

"The Devil Drives" tells how an adventurous young man throws up his post as warden at a penitentiary and plunges into the underworld in pursuit of hidden treasure. His only clue is a bundle of letters written many years previously, and the chain of coincidences by which he is led to the discovery of his goal is cleverly contrived. Readers who can overcome their reluctance to grapple with the strange jargon in which it is written will thoroughly enjoy Mr. Markham's thrilling book. There is a refreshing absence of love interest.

"The Happy Murders" is the story of two charming and shameless young people who are mixed up with a jewel theft and a murder.

Their adventures lead them from Chelsea to the Essex marshes, and the climax is reached in a remote part of the Suffolk coast, where they fall into the clutches of a master-criminal. Incidentally, they discover how much they care for one another. The angle from which Mr. Victor Bridges views his characters is gaily unconventional, and their journey in a Thames barge is one of the best bits in this very readable, good-humoured book.

"The Mystery of the Monkey-Gland Cocktail" had nothing to do with Dr. Voronoff; indeed, its most important ingredient was designed to shorten life, not to lengthen or rejuvenate it. But who put the strychnine

[Continued on p. 828.]

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Secret Sentence. By Vicki Baum. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)  
Three Fevers. By Leo Walmsley. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)  
Sons of Singermann. By Myron Brinig. (Cobden Sanderson; 7s. 6d.)  
Women Live Too Long. By Vina Delmar. (Philip Allan; 7s. 6d.)  
Eve, an Artist's Model. By Douglas Sladen. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)  
Mr. Jubenka. By Adrian Alington. (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.)  
The Silver-Gilt Standard. By George A. Birmingham. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.)  
Have His Carcase. By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)  
The Devil Drives. By Virgil Markham. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)  
The Happy Murders. By Victor Bridges. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)  
The Mystery of the Monkey-Gland Cocktail. By Roger East. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)  
Which of Them? By Peter Black. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)  
The Guv'nor. By Edgar Wallace. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)



MISS DOROTHY L. SAYERS,  
AUTHOR OF  
"HAVE HIS CARCASE."

## IN THE TRANSVAAL'S VAST "WHIPSNADE": LIONS WATCHING CARS.



IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, WHERE THE LIONS SHOW MUCH INTEREST IN MOTOR-CARS, WHICH THEY DO NOT APPEAR TO ASSOCIATE WITH HUMAN BEINGS: A LIONESS PEERING AT A CAR AS THOUGH IT WERE A "BIG, FUNNY-SMELLING ANIMAL."



A LION NEAR THE ROAD IN THE PRETORIUS KOP DISTRICT OF THE KRUGER PARK: ONE OF THE SIGHTS THAT DRAW GREAT NUMBERS OF TOURISTS.

DOUBTLESS, our readers will remember some remarkably interesting photographs of domesticated lions in South Africa, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. V. Wells (at Witbank, Transvaal), which we reproduced in our issue of December 19 last. We here give some photographs of lions in the Kruger National Park (Northern Transvaal). Mr. E. F. V. Wells, commenting on these photographs, writes: "It would appear that lions have not as yet associated motor-cars with human beings, but merely regard them as big, funny-smelling animals which are quite harmless and very interesting. Sitting by the road-side, they watch them with great curiosity." A few facts about the Kruger National Park, which is proving such a powerful attraction both to tourists and naturalists, may not be out of place here. The Park marches with the Transvaal-Portuguese East African border for some 200 miles from north to south. Its average breadth is 37 miles, and its area some 8652 square miles—or nearly the size of the four largest United States parks. There are five entrance gates; and recently over five hundred miles of motor roads have been made within its area. In the 1929-30 season three thousand cars with 14,000 passengers visited the Transvaal's huge outdoor "Zoo."



IN SOUTH AFRICA'S HUGE OPEN-AIR "ZOO": A YOUNG LION STUDYING A MOTOR-CAR AT HIS EASE.

## ANCIENT GAZA : ITS PALACES — AND HORSE -SACRIFICES.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT TELL EL AJJUL ("HILL OF THE CALVES") THE SITE OF ANCIENT GAZA :  
THE "TROY" OF SOUTH-WEST ASIA, A KEY-CITY ON THE AFRICAN BORDER.

By SIR FLINDERS PETRIE, F.R.S., Professor of Egyptology in the University of London. Director of Excavations at Gaza for the British School of Egyptian Archaeology.

Sir Flinders Petrie here continues the record of his highly important researches on the site of ancient Gaza, of which he gave a previous account in our issue of June 20 last year. As he there recalled, the older city of Gaza, once the capital of Southern Palestine, stood at a spot now known to the Arabs as Tell el Ajjul, or the Hill of the Calves. For the benefit of our readers interested in archaeology, we should like to emphasise the fact (mentioned at the end of the following article) that a free lantern lecture on the Palaces of Gaza will be given on May 19, 21, and 24, at University College, Gower Street, where also, in July next, there will be an exhibition of the interesting objects discovered there.

WHAT Troy was to the union of Europe and Asia, that Gaza was to the union of Asia and Africa—the frontier city which every conqueror needed to control, through which all trade passed. Alexander spent months in the siege of Gaza, so important was this key position. Yet the earlier site of the city was even more important, until it was desolated by malaria. It stood on a bluff of sandstone overlooking the estuary, the best harbour in Palestine; but about 2000 B.C. the port silted up, mosquitoes flourished in the mud, and the new Gaza arose four miles away on the plain.

The surrounding fortification (Fig. 2), the Great Fosse, was hewn out at 3100 B.C., probably by North Syrians who were flocking down to conquer Egypt. At the west side of their city they built their palace, laying a great basement of dressed sandstone blocks (Fig. 1). This was the first palace and the largest, certainly over 130 ft. wide. Such construction has not been found elsewhere in Palestine, and its northern source is indicated by the fosse being of the same type as that of Homs (Emesa) in North Syria. This great building was certainly a palace or residency; a large plastered bath-room occupied one corner (Fig. 4). The demolition of the palace was by burning, and after that the site lay desolate long enough for three feet of ashes and earth to accumulate in the ruins. This was an age of great rainfall, which washed away about eight feet of the land, and the climatic change was probably the cause of the drift of North Syrians into Egypt, where they founded the VIIth and VIIIth Dynasties.

The second palace was of lighter construction, very finely built of hard yellowish clay bricks; it also had a large bath-room. The perfection of its building seems to mark it as probably Egyptian work of the XIIth Dynasty. It is shown in solid black on the plan (Fig. 1). In the end, it was carefully taken down and re-used for building, above it, the more robust third palace, where the old yellow bricks alternate with grey bricks. This, in turn, was changed, the floors raised five feet, and walls altered, for a fourth palace (shown in open outline with shaded corners) (Fig. 1).

At the erection of this fourth palace, a foundation sacrifice was performed. A pit five feet deep was sunk, and a horse was killed and

buried in it, after removal of the shoulder-blades and left thigh (Fig. 5). A feast was held, when two horses were eaten and the bones scattered beside the pit (Fig. 6).

Such a sacrifice was doubtless due to the Hyksos horsemen, for, though the horse was found to be in Palestine some 20,000 years before, it had disappeared until reintroduced by the Shepherd Kings. The complication of rebuilding and alterations may be seen in Fig. 3: there the lowest walls belong to the XIIth Dynasty; above them are alterations during the same dynasty; to left is the Early Hyksos front wall; behind is a Late Hyksos cross-wall, and to right is a thickening of the back wall, filled in to support it. It is only by taking levels of the top and bottom of each piece of walling that the history of it can be disentangled. Above all this were walls of a fifth palace, which cannot be later than the time of Thothmes III., as nothing after the XVIIIth Dynasty was found in this region. There was not even a Roman coin on the site; merely a scatter of Arabic potsherds and rude attempts at building left by some squatters.

The question may be asked, Why trouble about some foundations where buildings have vanished? Tracing the history of these foundations dates the strata of earth, and so fixes the age of hundreds of fragments of painted pottery. The best of this pottery has come in from other civilisations of which we know nothing as yet, but we can now say that before 2000 B.C. there was a high skill in pottery and painting somewhere north of Palestine. We still need to find the source of this art. Further, the building levels date a unique place of offerings to the Late Hyksos age, and there we found ten heavy gold armlets, and other pieces of jewellery, which reflect art from the east. These will be described in July.

This great city of Gaza, ten times the size of Troy, will doubtless yield much more early history as we continue systematic work, with plans and levelling. A key city between two continents which was eagerly grasped by great powers in succession, and which promoted trade and culture, is the most promising site for historical results.

Around the city lay widespread cemeteries, most of which we explored. The more important contained tombs of the Copper Age, about 3300 B.C., where we retrieved twenty fine copper daggers with the old ledge-handle pottery. Dwellings of this period are as yet unknown here. Of the latest occupation was a cemetery of Thothmes' age, 1500 B.C., which contained some fine alabaster vases, gold-work, and—best of all—some twisted gold ear-rings of the cross-section type, dated to 1500 B.C. Such are found rarely in Ireland, twice in England, and at Troy, but none so far east as Palestine. The view of early trade, given by pottery and jewellery, shows how widely spread were the connections between different civilisations. Also, we see how early historic customs were in force, when we find a civic purification by fire a thousand years before the curse of Achan. For all these things we must wait till the collections can be inspected in the exhibition opening July 11 at University College, Gower Street; but the lantern lecture on the palaces of Gaza will be on May 19 at 2.30, and repeated May 21 at 3.0 and May 24 at 5.30 (admission free without ticket).

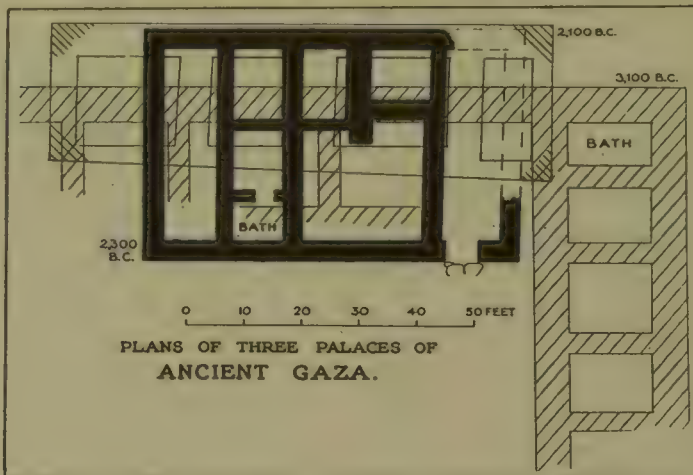


FIG. 1. GROUND-PLANS OF THREE OF THE PALACES, ONE ABOVE ANOTHER, EACH BURIED BEFORE THE NEXT WAS BUILT: A DIAGRAM SHOWING DATES AND DIMENSIONS ON THE CENTRAL SITE AT ANCIENT GAZA.

The first and largest palace, over 130 ft. wide, dates from 3100 B.C.; the second (shown in solid black on the plan) from 2300 B.C. Each of these palaces had a large bath-room. The second palace was taken down, and its materials were re-used for a third and stronger building. This in turn was altered into a fourth palace (shown in open outline with shaded corners) in 2100 B.C.



FIG. 2. THE REVETMENT OF STONE, WHICH SUPPORTED THE CITY WALL OUTSIDE THE PALACE, AND HAD A PAVED WAY AT THE FOOT SKIRTING THE PALACE WALL: A STRUCTURE DATING FROM THE TIME OF THE EARLIEST BUILDINGS AT GAZA—3100 B.C.



FIG. 3. AN EXAMPLE OF THE COMPLEX OF WALLS IN A SINGLE CHAMBER: SEVEN PERIODS DISTINGUISHED BY THE LEVELS AND QUALITIES OF BRICKWORK, THE CHANGES ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF PERIODS FROM 2400 TO 1800 B.C.



FIG. 4. A SQUARE BATH WITH STEPS AT THE SIDES, COVERED WITH WHITE PLASTER: AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT THE LOWEST LEVEL OF THE EXCAVATIONS, PROBABLY DATING FROM 3100 B.C.

The lowest walls seen in Fig. 3 belong to the 12th Dynasty. Above them are alterations made during the same dynasty. To the left is the early Hyksos front wall; behind is a late Hyksos cross-wall; and to the right is a thickening of the back wall filled in to support it.

# HORSE-SACRIFICE AND HIPPOPHAGY IN PALESTINE: GAZA DISCOVERIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY SIR FLINDERS PETRIE (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).



*Continued.*  
fourth palace, a foundation sacrifice was performed. A pit 5 ft. deep was sunk, and a horse was killed and buried in it, after removal of the shoulder-blades and left thigh (Fig. 5). A feast was held, when two horses were eaten and the bones scattered beside the pit (Fig. 6). Such a sacrifice was doubtless due to the Hyksos horsemen, for, though the horse was found to be in Palestine some 20,000 years before, it had disappeared until reintroduced by the Shepherd Kings." These Hyksos kings, of course, became for a time rulers of Egypt.

FIG. 5. REMAINS OF A HORSE WHICH WAS SACRIFICED AS A FOUNDATION DEPOSIT, IN A PIT UNDER THE LATE HYKSOS PALACE AT GAZA, BUILT ABOUT 2100 B.C.: THE SKELETON (LACKING THE SHOULDER-BLADES AND LEFT THIGH, WHICH HAD BEEN REMOVED FOR THE FEAST) SHOWN IN SITU IN THE EXCAVATIONS.

IN his article opposite, Sir Flinders Petrie describes his remarkable discoveries at Tell el Ajjul, the site of ancient Gaza, during excavations conducted for the British School of Egyptian Archaeology. One of the most interesting finds afforded evidence of the practice of horse-sacrifice and also hippophagy in Palestine about 4000 years ago, during the period of the Hyksos invaders, or Shepherd Kings. Tracing the history of successive palaces built at Gaza—the last about 2100 B.C.—Sir Flinders Petrie writes: "At the erection of this  
[Continued above.]



FIG. 6. BONES OF TWO HORSES WHICH HAD BEEN CUT UP AND EATEN AT THE SIDE OF THE PIT OF THE FOUNDATION DEPOSIT: EVIDENCE OF THE CUSTOM OF HIPPOPHAGY KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN PRACTISED IN PALESTINE IN PALÆOLITHIC TIMES, BUT NOT AGAIN TILL THE HYKSOS PERIOD.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

### A TALK ABOUT CHAIRS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A RATHER indignant correspondent recently demanded an exposure of the trade for calling pieces of furniture "Chippendale or Hepplewhite or Sheraton or Adam or what not" when those worthy and excellent fellows never had anything to do with them. I am sure most people will remain unmoved by this demand, and I confess I was surprised someone should take the trouble to write to me about it. But as apparently there are still a few literally-minded individuals who find it difficult to distinguish between a convenient trade term indicating a particular style and a definite statement as to the actual maker, perhaps what follows will not be considered amiss.

It is quite true that unless the original receipted bill can be produced it is impossible to prove that a

also the furniture for the principal rooms, so that the completed building should be a coherent work of art. Many cabinet-makers worked for him, and, except in certain cases where the family has preserved the accounts, it is impossible to say who was the actual maker. To assert, then, that a chair is an Adam chair is merely to point out that this is a chair in the particular style associated with the name of Adam. One can, indeed, go even further, and say that almost every piece of furniture made during the last thirty years of the eighteenth century owed something to the influence of this remarkable artist and astute man of business.

For example, the three chairs in Fig. 4 on this page were not made to the designs of Adam; yet it is difficult to resist the conclusion that, had he not dominated the period, they could scarcely have been produced. They are all three, no doubt, by Hepplewhite, and are well worth a moment's pause, if only because they are rather different from one's usual notions of Hepplewhite's work. It is generally

admitted that Hepplewhite, whose trade catalogue, "The Cabinet, Maker and Upholsterer's Guide," was published after his death in 1786, was an adapter of taste rather than an innovator, and these three chairs are surely quite admirable examples of his skill in interpreting current fashions.

The "typical" Adam chair has the oval back of Fig. 4 (right), but its legs will be straight, following the fashions of Louis XVI., rather than, as here, the graceful cabriole of the previous French monarch. Adam borrowed from France, and Hepplewhite borrowed from both France and Adam, with what is, to my mind, the singularly happy and elegant result shown in this example. A not dissimilar but more elaborate and more costly variation is admirably carried out in the chair of Fig. 4 (left). Contrast both these specimens with the more austere example from the same maker's designs in Fig. 4 (centre). Note the cunning way in which lightness is given to the whole structure

by the tapering of the front legs, and the elegance with which the back legs (as in the Chippendale piece of Fig. 1) curve gently upwards; but, whereas the whole back of Fig. 1 is slightly curved in a beautiful flowing rhythm, in Fig. 4 (centre) this

illusion of fragility is obtained by the upward curves of the arms. The back itself, though very graceful, is uncompromisingly composed, for the most part, of straight lines.

It happens that we know something, but not very much, about the lives of a dozen or so furniture-makers of the last half of the eighteenth century, and people immediately want all their possessions christened; or, if they are buying, they try to buy names, forgetting that names are of no importance in comparison with high quality. This is particularly the case to-day, when second-rate articles have fallen in price to a far greater extent than those of the first importance. If my



3. A HIGH-BACKED CHAIR DATING FROM 1695-1700: A DESIGN WHICH, ALTHOUGH EXTREMELY SOUND AS REGARDS WORKMANSHIP, MAKES IT CLEAR THAT THE DEMAND FOR COMFORT WAS NOT YET SO INSISTENT AS IT BECAME IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

correspondent will take the trouble to study good workmanship, he will soon cease to bother himself about convenient methods of nomenclature.

I suppose the chair of Fig. 1 is to be dated somewhere in the seventeen-sixties, and the other three between 1770 and 1780. Let us go back a little, and concentrate on something about which there is no name to bother us. Nobody knows who made the fine example of Fig. 2, with its pronounced cabriole, grotesque mask, "feathered" legs ending in claw feet, and shell decoration on the knees. *Tempus* George I., material walnut, style somewhat influenced by French fashions under Louis XIV.—decoration rich, solidity monumental, and no high falutin' nonsense about it. It is a very fine thing of its kind, and in it one can see very well the germ of the lighter and more sophisticated chairs. There are twenty years between it and the high-backed example of Fig. 3, though this last is not so high as many extravagant specimens of about 1695-1700. These two should be sufficient to show how much more insistent was the demand for comfort as well as fine workmanship as soon as the eighteenth century had begun.



1. A CHAIR THAT IS WORTHY OF CHIPPENDALE AT HIS BEST: A MASTERPIECE THAT INDICATES ITS ORIGIN BY ITS DELICATE TRACERY AND ITS FINE AND GRACEFUL PATTERN, AND DATES FROM ABOUT 1760.

All Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. M. Harris and Sons.



2. A FINE WALNUT CHAIR OF THE TIME OF GEORGE I.—BY AN UNKNOWN MAKER: A PIECE SHOWING EVIDENCE OF FRENCH INFLUENCE, AND ORNAMENTED WITH A GROTESQUE MASK, "FEATHERED" LEGS ENDING IN CLAW FEET, AND SHELL DECORATION ON THE KNEES.

particular chair was made by a particular maker—or, rather, in a particular maker's workshop; but one can, in certain highly finished and elaborate specimens, basing one's opinion on the quality of the carving, fine proportions, and general good workmanship, come to the conclusion that this and this were made at least under the eye of the master himself.

He would, for example, be a bold man who would put hand on heart and swear that the chair of Fig. 1 was not made by Chippendale, so delicate is its tracery and so fine its intricate and graceful pattern: at the same time, all we can say definitely is that it came from his workshop, or from another of equal competence which used his designs, and that, surely, is what is meant by the term "a chair by Chippendale." "A Chippendale chair" without qualification implies a chair made in the style to which has become attached the name of Chippendale. But we know that Chippendale worked quite happily in other styles, and adapted himself to the prevailing fashion without hesitation. For example, he worked for the brothers Adam, and in the pieces of furniture he made for them there is nothing whatever of his usual style beyond good workmanship. Actually he was not nearly so great a man in his own time as people have tried to prove since, but rather one excellent and ingenious cabinet-maker among a dozen such whose names have not become enshrined in the popular mind. A chair from Chippendale's workshop from the designs of Adam is quite properly described as an Adam chair.

This brings me to another point in my correspondent's letter. No; Robert Adam was not a maker of furniture, but an architect of genius who, when he built a house, designed



4. THREE HEPPLEWHITE CHAIRS: TWO EXAMPLES WHICH CHARM BY THEIR FLOWING LINES AND DELICACY (LEFT AND RIGHT): AND (CENTRE) A PIECE CHARACTERISED BY GREATER AUSTERITY; BUT ALL DATING FROM 1770-1780.

## EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY PORTRAITS FOR SALE: REYNOLDS; MERCIER; GOYA.



"ANGELICA KAUFFMANN AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: ONE OF THE THREE PORTRAITS OF ANGELICA KAUFFMANN THAT REYNOLDS PAINTED. Angelica Kauffmann was born in 1741 and died in 1807. She was made a member of the Royal Academy at its foundation in 1768, and became an intimate friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who exercised a great influence over her style. It has been suggested that some of Reynolds's works indicate that the influence was to a certain extent reciprocal. She returned the compliment of his portraits by painting one of him.



"MEDITATION"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS: MRS. MARY ROBINSON ("PERDITA"), MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV.—A STUDY FOR THE PICTURE IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION. This beautiful portrait (30 inches by 25 inches) was a study for the picture now in the Wallace Collection. The lovely actress, Mary Robinson, became famous as Perdita of the "Winter's Tale," and as an early love of George IV. before he became King. Sir Joshua painted her twice and probably used her as model in some of his imaginative pictures. She was soon abandoned by her royal lover, and died, impoverished and crippled, in 1800.



"MRS. CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW"; BY PHILIPPE MERCIER: THE MISTRESS OF "BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE," WHOSE PORTRAIT HANGS ON THE WALL BEHIND HER.

Philippe Mercier (1689—1760) was an admirable artist of the French school, and his works have often been attributed to Watteau. His subject here was a beautiful girl who bore Prince Charles Edward a daughter, Charlotte, and perhaps a son as well, though he must have died in infancy. Clementina's connection with the Prince was viewed by the Jacobites with suspicion, for her sister was housekeeper to George the Third's mother. Part of Clementina's story is told in Scott's "Redgauntlet."

The charming portraits which we reproduce here are part of an important collection which is to be sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on May 31. Of the artists whose work we illustrate, Mercier is the least familiar to the layman.



"THE MARQUESA DE SAN ANDRES"; BY GOYA: A PORTRAIT PURCHASED FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE DON R. GARCIA PALENCIA.

F. J. de Goya y Lucientes (1746—1828) revived all the glories of the Spanish school, and produced masterpieces of portraiture as well as many historical and genre subjects. He was wont to exclaim: "I have had three masters: Nature, Velasquez, and Rembrandt." He himself, though he founded no school, had a direct influence on the development of modern painting, and artists as diverse as Delacroix, Manet and Sargent found inspiration in him.

He was born in Berlin of French parents, and painted excellent portraits and genre subjects in the manner of Watteau. The sale will take place at the Sir Joshua Reynolds Galleries, 47, Leicester Square, W.C.2.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### CÆNOLESTES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

MY newspaper informed me, a day or two ago, that a "mounted example of the rare marsupial *Cænolestes obscurus* has just been acquired by the Zoological Department of the British Museum of Natural History." Then followed a few other particulars concerning it; but these, to the casual reader, would convey no idea of the interest which surrounds this apparently uninteresting-looking little animal. Insignificant though it appears to be, it is yet a living link with a remote past, long before the appearance of Man upon the earth. Our first intimation of its existence came to light in 1895, when a living specimen was found in Bogota. Passing into the hands of the late Mr. Oldfield Thomas, an official of the Museum, and one of the foremost mammalogists of his time, he showed that it was a survivor of a group whose remains occur in the wonderful Santa Cruz beds of Patagonia, which date back to Oligocene times.

It so often happens that these precious links with the past escape the man of science because they seem unworthy of attention by the collector in the field, who, not unnaturally, sends home the more resplendent forms, whether of birds, beetles, or butterflies,

may be gathered from the fact that their remains have been found in the Stonesfield slate of Oxfordshire and the Upper Jurassic of Dorsetshire—that is to say, millions of years ago; and they have been found in other parts of Europe. These primitive types show affinities with the modern opossum. For a time, then, marsupial types were the highest living types of mammals; and they had an enormous range, since they found their way into North America and thence into South America, after the formation of the land-bridge which we now call Central America reared itself from the sea-floor.

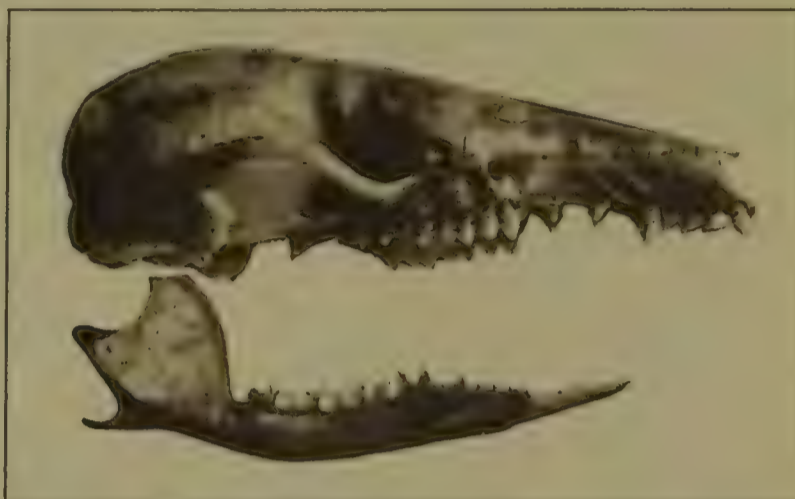
Marsupials entered Australia by two different land-bridges. One of these extended from the Malayan region through New Guinea, and the other from Patagonia by way of a now-submerged "Antarctica."

But these trackways vanished long ages ago, as is shown by the fact that, with the exception of the

dingo, all the mammals of Australia are marsupials. These facts, at first sight, may seem to be of no more than academic interest. But they assume a very different aspect when we think of them as records of changes of a stupendous kind in the distribution of land and sea. But for them we should have no evidence whatever of this ancient world so different from our own, yet the same. If one could make the sea give up its dead, what treasures, what surprises, might we not find in the soil of these submerged areas! Vast forests have gone, and whole hosts of animals of all kinds, some of them doubtless furnishing the precious "missing links" which we so much need to fill up the gaps between groups, whose relationships one to another we can now only surmise.

Now and again I find myself wondering how this submergence came about. Was it gradual, or did these lands vanish in some sudden and awful

our tables, and the grave of thousands of fishermen and others whose business carried them into these perilous waters, was once the haunt of elephants, rhinoceroses, cave-bears, and other great beasts.



1. THE SKULL OF *CÆNOLESTES OBSCURUS*: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TEETH, WHICH, THOUGH MARSUPIAL, RECALL THOSE OF THE SHREW IN MANY WAYS.

The cutting teeth, or incisors, of the upper jaw are chisel-shaped and four in number; behind is the canine; and behind this come two "cheek-teeth," or "grinders." In the lower jaw the front pair of incisors are extremely long and pointed, and the canine is reduced to a mere vestige, behind the last incisor.

And this we know because their skeletons have been dredged up in abundance from the Dogger Bank. Had this submergence been gradual, these forest-dwellers would have been driven out of their haunts; instead, they were evidently surprised there.

And now let me turn once more to *Cænolestes* (Fig. 3). This little animal was found marooned, so to speak, on Mount Pichincha, in Ecuador. In its bodily structure it is, to all intents and purposes, an "insectivore"—that is to say, own cousin to the shrew and the hedgehog. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind, but a marsupial, one of a group of a much more primitive type. Here, then, we have a striking example of what is called "convergence" in Nature. Instances of this kind can be found by the dozen in the animal kingdom. They occur where two animals, in no way related, have come to adopt the same mode of living. The owls and the hawk and eagle tribe are good instances of this, for they are not even remotely related. *Cænolestes* resembles a shrew because it lives like a shrew, and eats the same kind of food as a shrew or a hedgehog, since, in addition to worms and insects, it will eat eggs and young birds. But its true affinities are betrayed by its deeper, internal characters, and especially the teeth and a curious inturned area of the lower border of the lower jaw. These are all of a marsupial type.

The teeth of the lower jaw are especially interesting. And this because of the conspicuous length of the two central incisors, which project straight forwards, as in the kangaroos, wombats, and others which are not marsupials; and in that extinct Australian giant, the *Diprotodon*, which forms the type of the marsupial group. Three tiny triangular incisors lie in a row behind the long projecting tooth, and behind this is a minute canine. The upper incisors have a curiously chisel-shaped cutting edge, while the canine is relatively large.

It is doubtful, however, whether this peculiarity of the enlarged lower incisors justifies us in regarding *Cænolestes* as one of the *Diprotodontia*, though some authorities maintain that this relationship is fairly certain. It seems to be equally probable that this is a case of "parallel development"—that is to say, *Cænolestes* and *Diprotodon* are descendants of the same common stock, but along different lines of descent. The projecting lower teeth indicate like needs, in both, in the matter of feeding.



2. THE SKULL OF *DIPROTODON AUSTRALIS*: THE EXTINCT "GIANT WOMBAT," WHICH FORMS THE TYPE OF THIS GROUP OF MARSUPIALS. (SKULL 3 FT. LONG.)

This now extinct animal, from the river deposits of Queensland, may be described as a giant wombat. Both the innermost front teeth, or incisors, of the upper and lower jaws were elongated.

or the larger and more striking types of the mammals. This fact is well worth the notice of those who are resident in "the wilds," and lovers of natural history. I number such men among my correspondents who are readers of this page. We want more, many more, of the creatures, such as this marsupial, which are often despised by the collector because they lack striking characteristics. Often these neglected ones turn out to be creatures which, for some obscure reason, have gone on living—"desiring without hope"—while their near relations have arrayed themselves in purple and fine linen, or, finding some "food of the gods," have acquired an imposing stature, or in some other way have made themselves creatures of mark.

*Cænolestes* is one of the "poor relations" of the marsupial tribe, whose chief glory is the kangaroo. The marsupials, indeed, are a very wonderful tribe. Their natural home to-day is the Continent of Australia; though some are found on the outlying islands, and some where we should least expect them—in America. How that came to be would make a long story. Suffice to say here that the marsupials, or pouch-bearers, represent a very primitive, lowly group of the mammals which preceded modern types. And they had a world-wide distribution, as

catastrophe? There seems, indeed, to be good evidence to support this conception of disaster. For we must remember that our own North Sea, now the home of millions of herrings and other fishes which supply



3. THE MARSUPIAL SHREW (*CÆNOLESTES FULGINOSUS*): A BELATED SOUTH AMERICAN SURVIVOR OF THE GREAT TRIBE OF MARSUPIALS WHICH, LONG AGES AGO, "INHERITED THE EARTH," AND AN ANIMAL WITH A REMARKABLE SCIENTIFIC HISTORY.

The existence of this little animal, and of one or two nearly related species, had long been known from fossil remains found in Patagonia. But a few years ago it was found to be still living in northern South America.

# FATHER WILLIAM

*(With apologies to Lewis Carroll & Robert Southey)*



"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
 "And yet you're remarkably fit,  
 You sleep from the moment you get into bed,  
 Which is rare at your age, you'll admit."

"In my youth," said the Sage, "I heard many reports  
 That Guinness brought rest to the brain,  
 Since when, if depressed or a bit out of sorts,  
 I've drunk it again and again."



"Yes, I see," said the youth, "but there's one other thing  
 In which I am most interested.  
 You've consumed a repast rich enough for a king;  
 Pray, how d'you contrive to digest it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "the Guinness I drank  
 Kept me free from interior strife;  
 And the fitness for which I've got Guinness to thank  
 Has lasted the rest of my life."

# GUINNESS

## IS GOOD FOR YOU

## THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

### THE OPERA SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE opera chosen for the opening night at Covent Garden was "Die Meistersinger," and the Opera House seemed even fuller than usual when Sir Thomas Beecham took the place which in recent years has been filled by Herr Bruno Walter. A clear, well-balanced, but in rhythm slightly restless performance of the overture was the prelude to what proved to be in many respects an unusually satisfying production of the opera. The most important part in "Die Meistersinger" is undoubtedly that of Hans Sachs, and we had on this occasion in Friedrich Schorr one of the finest living exponents of this rôle. He is one of the few Wagnerian singers who consistently sing rather than ejaculate and bark, and the smoothness of his vocalisation, together with the variety of his tone-colour and the vivacity of his phrasing, was of such outstanding quality that this alone would have given distinction to Monday night's performance. As Eva, Lotte Lehmann not only looks and acts the part with a grace and charm that few experienced Wagnerian sopranos possess, but she is musically thoroughly satisfying also. Indeed, it would be hard, if not impossible, to find a better combination than Schorr and Lehmann in the rôles of Sachs and Eva. Eduard Habich's Beckmesser is familiar to the Covent Garden public, and, except that he seems to rely even more than before on his acting rather than his singing, his performance was as effective as usual. Heinrich Tessmer's David was, in all essentials, an attractive piece of work; and Philip Bertram, whom I do not remember hearing before in the part, was a good Veit Pogner. As a whole, the performance under Sir Thomas Beecham was notable for exceptional clarity and beautiful balance. The orchestra played better than they usually do on the opening

night, and if some of the climaxes were less thrilling than usual, this was compensated for by the delicacy and sensitiveness of the playing throughout.

### CHORAL FINALES.

The concert season has now come to an end—at least as far as the big organisations are concerned. The Royal Philharmonic Society finished

"Choral" Symphony. No doubt financial considerations influenced the Royal Philharmonic Society in choosing to perform Delius's "Mass of Life" in the Albert Hall with Sir Thomas Beecham, because it is impossible to make money in the Queen's Hall with a large chorus and orchestra. Nevertheless, Delius is one of the most unsuitable composers possible to select for the Albert Hall, in which only the most clear and direct effects can be achieved. The cloudy outlines, the shifting harmonies of Delius just degenerate into a sort of musical fog in the Albert Hall. It is, no doubt, a pleasant, dreamlike mist rather than a fog, and one might, by completely relaxing one's critical sense, enjoy it, if one were not worried by the knowledge that there are definite musical shapes there which one cannot hear.

### BROADCAST CRITICISM.

For the first time for about a year, I listened-in to the B.B.C. performance of the Ninth Symphony at the Queen's Hall under Dr. Adrian Boult, instead of being present in the hall. Although it was through a good-sized, not inexpensive loud-speaker, I found the difference to be still enormous. There were also a good many extraneous noises that were irritating; but, quite apart from this, I found it impossible to judge the quality of the performance. For one thing, it is difficult to know what is due to the actual playing and interpretation and what is due to the maladjustment of the B.B.C. Controller—to say nothing of the imperfections of the particular loud-speaker in use. The first movement, which depends so much on light and shade of tone and dynamics, was very much distorted; but the same was true of the Scherzo and the Andante. Some of the choral singing came through well, but the usual weakness of the tenors was accentuated, and Mr. Horace Stevens's opening prelude was turned into a coarse, toneless rumble.

W. J. TURNER.

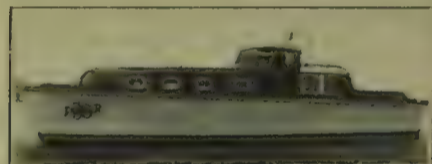


PRINCE GEORGE OPENS THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE ROTARY INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, AT FOLKESTONE: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS SPEAKING AT THE INAUGURATION.

H.R.H. Prince George flew from London to Folkestone on May 7 and opened the conference of the Rotary International Association of Great Britain and Ireland: this in his capacity as President. He also paid a visit to the Royal Victoria Hospital. In the photograph, the Bishop of Portsmouth is seen at his right hand.

its 1931-32 programme with a performance of Delius's "Mass of Life" at the Albert Hall under Sir Thomas Beecham, and the B.B.C. has just concluded its series of symphony concerts with a performance of Bach's noted "Jesu, Joy and Treasure," and Beethoven's

was true of the Scherzo and the Andante. Some of the choral singing came through well, but the usual weakness of the tenors was accentuated, and Mr. Horace Stevens's opening prelude was turned into a coarse, toneless rumble.



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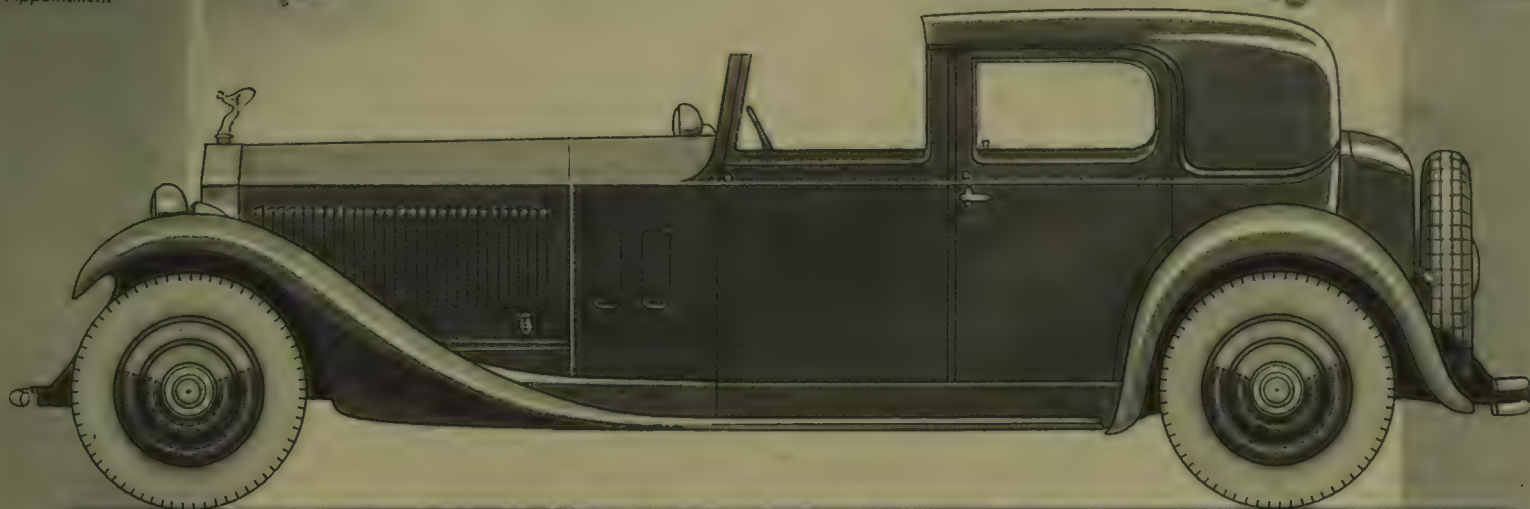


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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

VISITORS to England, as well as native residents, will welcome the Automobile Association's new publication, "Touring Grounds of England, Scotland, and Wales," which has been prepared to assist

the A.A. headquarters, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W.1, or from any of their branch offices.

With reference to touring, I am sorry that I inadvertently gave the wrong address as to where to obtain the list of the Gardens of Great Britain that are open to the public in aid of the Queen's Institute of District Nursing. Application should be made to Lady Georgiana Mure, Queen's Institute of District Nursing, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. The illustrated and descriptive list will be sent post free for 1s. 2½d., and is an excellent book of reference. It also contains the full list of gardens open in England and Wales, and the days and times at which the public may visit them. The pictures of the houses and gardens alone are worth the small fee asked. I admire also the description of many of the gardens.

### Singers in Johannesburg.

At the Annual Motor Show held at Johannesburg, I

am glad to say that British cars outnumbered the American and Continental makes for the first time. Also, a most satisfactory volume of business was done at this exhibition, the Olympia Show of South Africa, especially by the old and well-established firm of Singer and Co., of Coventry and Birmingham. This firm have always had patrons in that country, and now feel justly proud in having substantially contributed to the fact that, during

January and February, the proportion of British cars registered in the whole of the Union was practically doubled in comparison with the previous highest figure. The Singer "Nine" claims to be the most luxurious light car in the world, with its four-speed gear-box, silent "third," and aluminium-panelled hand-built four-door saloon body upholstered in leather, and with padded arm-rests, glove boxes, ash-trays, roof net, felt pile carpet, and electric petrol gauge. It certainly is very popular in Great Britain, as its cost, ex works, is only £167 10s., with equally light insurance and horse-power tax. Naturally, the larger Singer "Six" is the car mostly chosen by South African motorists, as the longer wheelbase is wanted there to carry extra loads across open country.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE SMALL COURSE INVITATION PROFESSIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, HELD IN THE GROUNDS OF THE PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY: T. G. RENOUF, THE RUNNER-UP, PUTTING ON THE NINTH GREEN—A GLIMPSE OF THE HOTEL IN THE BACKGROUND.

members in the selection of motor tours. These outlines of proposed tours reveal the richness and variety of interest available. This booklet is full of interesting information, and by its aid one can plan out long or short runs in all parts of the country where one may happen to be. Also, as the A.A. supply route cards when one has decided on the place or places to be visited, pleasure touring is made easy and simple for the traveller. Included in its pages are a dozen maps, indicating the routes of interest where scenery, links with history, and interesting objects can be seen, either as day tours or in a circular trip round the United Kingdom. Copies can be obtained from



AN INTERESTING GOLFING EVENT AT THE PALACE HOTEL, TORQUAY: W. BRANCH DRIVING FROM THE THIRD TEE IN THE RECENT SMALL COURSE INVITATION PROFESSIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP HELD IN THE HOTEL GROUNDS.

The Small Course Invitation Professional Golf Championship, illustrated here, was held recently at the Palace Hotel, Torquay. W. Branch, who is seen above, was the winner: with a score of 205 for 72 holes. T. G. Renouf, the runner-up, is seen in the other photograph. He broke the record for the course with a score of twenty-one for nine holes. The course is situated in the grounds of the hotel, which is seen in the background of one of our illustrations.

## A BRIGHT IDEA!



Mr. Mouse: "What's the bright idea, my love, standing the candle on the floor?"

Mrs. Mouse: "Don't you see that now the floor is polished with 'Mansion' it gives such a bright reflection that we get two lights instead of one."

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There's no dropping off to sleep in the afternoons if you go to the Firth of Clyde for a holiday. There's too much to see, too much to do. The best pleasure steamers in the

world come and go from the piers like omnibuses in the Strand and everybody takes the daily trips. Far up the lochs they go, always in smooth water, always in magnificent scenery, always amazingly cheap and efficient. In summer the whole Firth is alive with craft, yachts backing and filling, cruisers, liners, men-o'-war, herring boats and pleasure steamers coming and going in all directions. It's a sight worth seeing. It's regatta day every day on the Firth. A holiday on the Firth of Clyde is a real sea holiday for the sea is generally smooth and you spend your time as you should either in it or on it. Try a holiday on the Firth of Clyde this year. The service is faster and the journey a pleasure.

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## KING'S CROSS FOR SCOTLAND

# No bad gear-changes now!



"Wish I could change gear as quietly as you," said Margaret, as Joan went into second for the steep stretch.

"It's easy. First, you forget everything you ever learned about double-declutching and judging engine-speed——"

"But, my dear——!"

"— and then," concluded Joan, smiling, "you get a Vauxhall Cadet!"

"Why, gears don't change themselves, do they, even on a Cadet?"

"Very nearly. All you do is to move the lever. There's a thing called Synchro-Mesh—down there in the works somewhere——"

she gestured vaguely towards the floorboards. "It makes it just about impossible to clash the gears, whatever speed you're doing. Now, don't ask me how it works, Margaret!"

"I wasn't going to," replied Margaret, calmly. "I don't care a hoot how it works. If it can prevent me from clashing gears, I'm satisfied!"



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No double-declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no stalling, no noise—you never need make a bad gear-change on the Vauxhall Cadet, Synchro-Mesh gears give you a feeling of expert control; the Silent Second makes it pleasant to use your gears as you should. And in performance and appearance the Cadet is all you could wish for. Ask any dealer for a trial run, or write to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

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UNDER  
9 DAYS



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AGAIN CHOSE

WAKEFIELD  
**Castrol**  
XXL

FOR HIS D.H. GIPSY MOTH

(Continued.)

**Scottish Rally :  
New Driving  
Test.**

The Royal Scottish Automobile Club have decided to run their holiday touring competition, or "Motor Rally and Coachwork Competition," from July 4 to July 9. The road and other tests will finish at Edinburgh on Friday, July 8, and the coachwork competition, or "beauty show," takes place on the following day, Saturday, July 9. While the R.A.C. Torquay Rally gave the entrants and passengers in the cars little time to see any place outside of Torquay on the 1000 miles' run, the Scottish Rally has been so arranged that there is ample time to arrive early to see the sights of the halting-place, go to bed for a night's rest, and then get up for the next day's run. Enforced stops at the controls give this opportunity to visit interesting places and view the beauties of the country. Also, beyond the first day's run of 600 miles, which is the only long distance to be completed in twenty-four hours by the cars over 1500 c.c., and in about 27½ hours by cars with engines under 1500 c.c. capacity, no other control is a greater distance than 250 miles for the day's trip. Besides the usual acceleration and brake tests, drivers will have to park their cars near a kerb with the two wheels not more than five inches distant from the kerb. No marks for this will be given if either front or rear wheels touch the kerb, or if either or both are further away than the specified maximum distance of five inches. In this new driving test, passengers in the car are not allowed to advise the driver or assist him in any way, and no mirror excepting the ordinary-placed rear-view mirror is allowed to be fitted or used to help guide the driver as to the nearness of the wheels to the kerb. It will be interesting to note how the competitors fare in this quite simple and very useful test of driving and parking skill. As the entry fee is only £3 3s. per car, I should think that many private motorists will take this opportunity to see the best of Scotland in such congenial company. After all, the Torquay Rally was great fun, and the Scottish Rally offers more fun and far less fatigue. Competitors may start from London, Droitwich, Harrogate, Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen. The total distance to be run will be approximately 1200 miles, divided into four stages. The first stages are about 250 miles each, and the fourth stage approximately 100 miles in to Edinburgh. There the brake and acceleration tests and other such efforts are performed by the competitors, so that all the road

part of the Rally ends that day. Among the principal touring centres to be visited are Oban, Strathpeffer, Gairloch, Dornoch, Fort William, Inverness, Grantown-on-Spey, Braemar, Pitlochry, and Gleneagles.

**THE PLAYHOUSES.****"THE LOVE PIRATE," PRODUCED AT  
THE STRAND.**

"THE LOVE PIRATE" was withdrawn speedily; yet this farcical non-musical romance was a gay affair, cleverly produced by Mr. Leslie Henson and full of colour and movement. The story tells of a pirate captain, Romally, who captured a town on the coast of Central America a long time ago, and abducted the fair, nineteen-year-old Lisa. But, like Lady Cicely in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Lisa not only had no objection to being abducted, but bored the pirate with long stories of her domesticity. The pirate had no taste for domesticity, and when Lisa's sister-in-law, in the person of Miss José Collins, arrived on the scene and offered to sacrifice to him her more dashing charms, he jumped at the opportunity to return Lisa, unmolested, to her home. This second act was a most laughable affair; Miss Angela Baddeley gave a delightful performance as the young girl who refused to be discarded, even going to the length of accusing her captor of being the father of a non-existent child, and finally shooting him in the leg to prevent his escape from her. Miss José Collins sang some ingeniously introduced songs very charmingly, and Mr. Henry Edwards was excellent as the hen-pecked pirate chief.

**"MAN OVERBOARD," AT THE GARRICK.**

This is a dull, pretentious play, and the psychology of it will not be obvious to the average playgoer. Jack, the hero, it seems, lost his mother at sea, and had been warned by his father never to go near salt water. Jack lived in a vicarage at the source of the Thames, and to him appeared an Ancient Mariner with a glittering eye and ingratiating manner, and such was his hypnotic influence that at different stages of his life the hero went further and further down the river—Abingdon, Goring, Maidenhead, Chertsey, Chelsea, and Limehouse—until he finally boarded a ship at the mouth of the Thames, from which, on one dark and stormy night, he plunged overboard. In the slow course of this river trip the

hero married a rather dull young woman, whom, through his affair with a night-club queen, he drove to suicide; finally strangling his mistress. Mr. Leon M. Lion, who played the rôle of the Ancient Mariner with immense gusto, appeared as the evil influence in every scene, disguised as steward of an up-river club, a porter, a night watchman, or as his true self in pea-jacket and peak cap. But, for all his sinister influence, the play never gripped, aided though it was by rolls of thunder and Mr. Norman O'Neill's eerie, incidental music. The fact that the hero's amorous and homicidal adventures turned out to be "only a dream" did not add to the play's impressiveness.

**"PLEASURE CRUISE," AT THE APOLLO.**

This is a merry little comedy. Rather naughty in intention, but not too much so in fact. Miss Madeleine Carroll plays the rôle of a bread-winning wife who, finding herself bored by her husband's tepid embraces, goes on a Mediterranean cruise. Mr. Owen Nares is the husband who, suspicious of his wife's motives, disguises himself with a Cockney accent and obtains a post as steward on board so that he may keep an eye on her. Mr. Reginald Gardiner (a fine comedian, but a curious choice for the rôle of a Don Juan) makes love to the wife, with the result that she makes an assignation with him in her cabin at midnight. The husband, overhearing this, locks the young man in his own cabin and takes his place in his wife's arms. We have, of course, the authority of Boccaccio that a wife does not recognise her husband in such a case. It is light, entertaining stuff, brightly acted by, in addition to the above-named, Miss Jean Cadell as a prying passenger and Mr. Frank Pettingell as an amiable purser.

The latest aid to quick and easy shaving is the Shick Dry Shaver, which needs no soap or water and clips the hair comfortably and closely. The shearing head consists of two shearing plates, of which the outer one is stationary. The inner plate, which is slotted like the other, is moved backwards and forwards rapidly by the action of the motor. This produces an instantaneous clipping action which cuts the hair squarely at the surface of the skin. The Shaver operates on direct or alternating current. Full particulars of this ultra-modern toilet accessory can be obtained from E. B. Meyrowitz, of 1a, Old Bond Street, W.

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FOLLOW DAYS OF  
SHEER DELIGHT**

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where will you go?  
You want sunshine  
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of course,  
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and tennis,  
the safest bathing  
the longest stretch of firm  
golden sands.  
So you'll go to Bournemouth  
because there  
you can have  
all these things  
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beautiful of  
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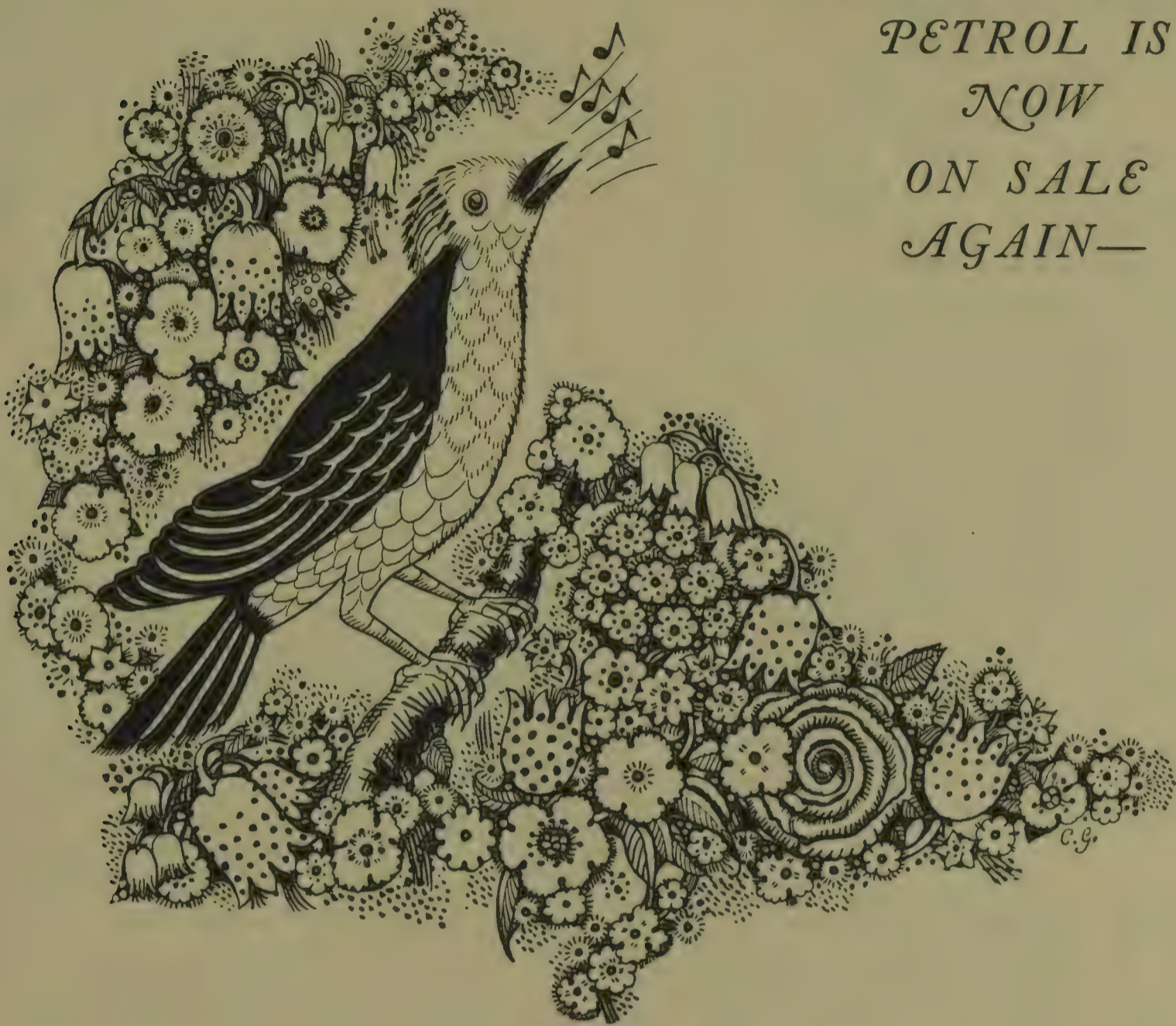
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*FOR SUMMER*

## THE SEA HOLIDAY.

The details of sea cruises which appeared in our issue of April 23 aroused so much interest that we make no apologies for returning to the subject with some additional facts as to original and attractive programmes by certain steamship lines.

**Orient Line.** Ever since the Orient Line came into being, fifty-four years ago, it has built up a reputation for efficiency, comfort,



VENICE, ONE OF THE STOPPING-PLACES ON THE ORIENT LINE ITINERARY: THE RIALTO BRIDGE ON THE GRAND CANAL.

courtesy, and cuisine second to none. You will quickly appreciate this if you join one of the splendid "O" boats, where nothing is left to chance and your every wish is anticipated. On May 28 the *Orford* will commence a sixteen days' cruise from Southampton to Spain, France and Morocco, visiting Gibraltar, sunny Andalusia, the Riviera, the Balearic Isles, Casablanca (for Rabat), and Vigo. On June 17 the *Orontes* will leave Immingham for an eight days' cruise to the Norwegian Fjords; and there will be another eight days' cruise in July, when the *Orford* will call at Rotterdam, Oslo, Arendal, Christiansand, and Stavanger, leaving Southampton on the 8th and returning on the 15th. These short cruises, the minimum fare for which is 11 guineas, will form an ideal introduction to sea holidays for those who have yet to experience this enjoyable form of travel. The hours of sunlight are very long in the Norwegian Fjords and Northern Capitals during the summer months, and the smooth, sheltered waters of the fjords make an excellent "nursery" for the cruising novice.



ATTRACTING VISITORS TO THE BEAUTY AND INTEREST OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS: LOCH SCAUAIG, ON THE ISLE OF SKYE—VISITED BY A CRUISE OF COAST LINES, LTD.

Other Orient cruises to Norway and the Northern Capitals will leave England on June 25, July 9, July 23, and August 6—by the *Orontes* in each instance; while the sister-ship, *Orford*, will commence Mediterranean cruises on June 18 (Atlantic Isles, Morocco, Tangier and Spain), July 16 (Spain, Morocco, and Portugal), July 30 (Spain, Balearic Isles and Morocco), August 13 (Spain, Tangier and Portugal), and August 27 (Morocco, Algiers, Dalmatian Coast, Brioni, Venice, Palma and Vigo). The *Ormonde* will be engaged on two thirteen-day cruises to the Mediterranean in July, the minimum charge for 3000 miles of sea travel being £12, which is not a high price for such a wealth of new experience. On all the Orient cruises, passengers are landed and embarked free of charge at all the ports of call, and the supplementary fares for the well-organised shore excursions can only be described as philanthropic.

### White Star Line.

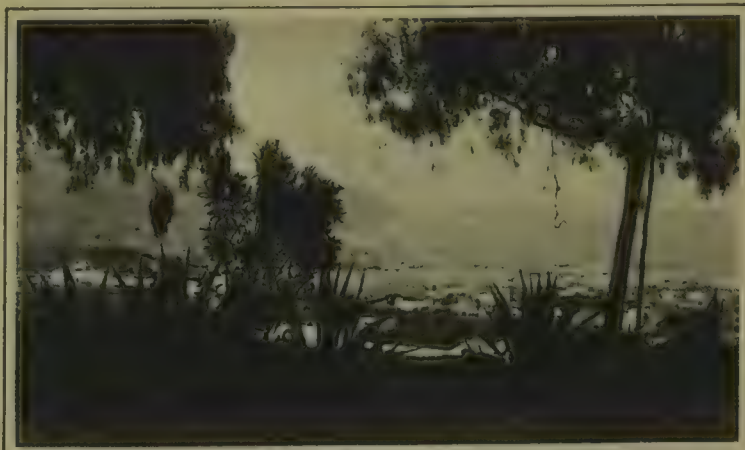
Picking up a copy of the White Star cruise programme the other day, I found it contained some interesting addenda in the shape of lists of additional cruises which have been arranged since the original programme was printed. I was not surprised, for you can't have too much of a good thing, and the more White Star cruises there are, the better it will be for the public peace and contentment. To voyage through sun-flecked seas, visit strange fairylands, recapture health and spirits, and build precious memories of enchantment for a mere pound a day is sufficient to send anyone's star into the ascendant. And that is all you need pay for a cruise by the *Doric* from Liverpool to Spain, Portugal, Morocco, and Gibraltar in July; for the *Olympic* or *Adriatic* Bank Holiday cruises, the *Adriatic* Spanish cruise on August 6; or the subsequent departures of the *Doric*. These are all very fine boats, the *Doric* having a tonnage of 16,500, the *Adriatic* 25,000, and the *Olympic*—the world's largest British-built steamer—46,500. The first-named carries tourist-class passengers only, while the others carry first-class as well.

On Saturday, July 30, the 35,000-ton *Homer* will start on a fortnight's cruise to Madeira, the Canary Islands, Morocco, and Gibraltar; and on Saturday, August 6, the *Adriatic* will leave Liverpool for Corunna and Santander, returning on Sunday, the 14th. On the 17th, the same vessel will take a shipload of schoolboys to the Mediterranean, under the auspices of the Incorporated Association of Headmasters, at the extraordinarily low rate of £9 10s. each for a twelve days' cruise. Parents who wish to

accompany their boys are invited to join them on payment of £15. At all the ports included in White Star itineraries, there are well-organised shore excursions under competent guidance.

### Coast Lines.

Stands Scotland where it did? Macbeth's memorable question ante-dated the tourist invasion of his country, but if the question were asked to-day we should at once reply that great numbers might never have known of Scotland's infinite charms but for the enterprise of a certain British steamship company. We refer to Coast Lines, Ltd., whose cruises from Liverpool to Scottish beauty spots are a popular feature of the summer arrangements. Eight such cruises, each following a different itinerary, will be performed by the admirable S.Y. *Killarney* during the ensuing



A STOPPING-PLACE FOR PASSENGERS ON ONE OF THE WHITE STAR CRUISES: THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR OF SANTA CRUZ, TENERIFFE, IN THE CANARY ISLANDS.

months, the duration varying from one week to twelve days, and the fare ranging from 8½ guineas. Each itinerary has been well thought out and offers an attractive variety of scenic splendour. Each includes the capital of the Isle of Mull, Tobermory, where one of the treasure ships of the Spanish Armada was blown up. Each includes Oban, the holiday capital of Western Scotland and the natural gateway to the Western Highlands. Some include Brodick, on the east coast of Arran, which has magnificent mountain scenery at its northern end, dominated by the famous peak of Goatfell.

If you go by the *Killarney* to the Outer Hebrides, you will find Stornoway, the only town on the island of Lewis, distinguished by its old-world atmosphere and its castle. Portree, on the northern shore of Skye, is a charming resort. Fingal's Cave, on the island of Staffa, seen on the way to Oban, runs into the island for a distance of 250 feet, its columns of dark basalt forming a continuous colonnade. Seven miles away, Iona is impressive for its ruins of the monastery founded by St. Columba, its twelfth-century cathedral, and its graves of Scottish kings.

The Argyllshire village of Ballachulish, which figures in most of the Coast Lines itineraries, is the "station" for the historic pass of Glencoe; as Fort William, at the south end of the Caledonian Canal, is

[Continued overleaf.]



FINGAL'S CAVE, ISLE OF STAFFA, WHERE THE ROCK TAKES A CURIOUS COLUMNAR FORM: A PLACE OF INTEREST VISITED BY A CRUISE OF COAST LINES, LTD.

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sightseeing across the New World. For the one  
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(Continued.)

the "station" for Ben Nevis, Britain's highest mountain. Inverness, the beautiful capital of the Highlands; Ullapool, on Loch Broom; Lochinver, on the west coast, where the finest sea fishing is available for the passengers; and pretty little Stromness, in the Orkney Islands, are among other places to be visited by the S.Y. *Killarney*.

A bright and cheerful note has been struck in the Canadian Pacific programme of holiday tours and cruises for the coming season. The central feature of the brochure is a fine map of the world showing the routes of the various tours and cruises, which are illustrated in greater detail in a lively and entertaining glossary which surrounds the map. The programme is embellished with a picturesque "cavalcade" of the peoples of the world in national costume. The cruises, which range from a short cruise for £3 to a luxurious world cruise of 36,000 miles, will be undertaken by some well-known ships of the vast Canadian Pacific fleet. Thus the *Empress of Australia*, a magnificent vessel of 22,000 tons, will in July make two cruises to Norway, the Mediterranean, etc.; the *Duchess of Richmond* will proceed to Santander on a special August Bank Holiday cruise; and the comfortable and roomy *Montrose*, *Montclare*, and *Montcalm* will make several cruises of nine days during June, July, and August to the Mediterranean—from £10. Particulars are also given of a tour across Canada to the Pacific coast, and of a number of inexpensive short tours at reduced inclusive fares, visiting Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Niagara, and New York. Copies of the programme may be obtained free on application to the Canadian Pacific, 62, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

## FICTION OF THE MONTH.

(Continued from Page 812.)

in? Did Dr. Hastings want to get rid of Miss Tilyard, now that a more eligible bride presented herself? Did Miss Harboard want to get rid of Miss Tilyard? Hastings had several women friends who might be mistresses or murderesses. The end, as the jacket says, is a complete surprise, and testifies to Mr. Roger East's remarkable ingenuity.

Alicia Fenton was found dead on the very night she had scored a notable success in a new play. An injection of morphia was the cause. Dr. Ashley, the nerve specialist, admitted that he had given her an injection—but of nothing more harmful than water. Only one puncture, however, was visible. The situation was awkward for many people, not only for the doctor; and Mr. Peter Black, in unravelling it, is not less excited than his readers.

Most detective-story writers deodorise criminals, if not crime. Their murderers are pleasant people to be with; we never know there is anything wrong about them until the detective points it out. Mr. Edgar Wallace did not make that mistake. His criminals are hateful creatures; the smell of their calling infects their very speech. Every time that Mr. J. G. Reeder (the detective in "The Guv'nor") checkmates one of these noisome reptiles, the reader sighs with relief. It is a highly moral as well as an entertaining book: never was crime shown in a more unalluring light.

No visitor to Burlington House this season should omit to acquire a copy of "The Royal Academy Illustrated," published by Walter Judd, Ltd. (by authority of the Royal Academy), at 2s. 6d. As in former years, this annual volume gives reproductions—lavish in quantity and excellent in quality—of the best paintings and sculptures to be seen in the exhibition. The paintings selected comprise portraits, landscapes, "subject" pictures (classic and otherwise),

out-of-door settings, and interiors, many of which our readers will have already seen reproduced in *The Illustrated London News*. The volume, in fact, is thoroughly representative, and forms at once a useful guide, indicating what the prospective visitor should look out for and a delightful souvenir for reference after the visit. An index under the artists' names to the pictures and sculptures reproduced is to be found at the end of the book, and the subjects selected number nearly two hundred. The book is on sale at the principal booksellers, or copies can be obtained direct from the publishers, Messrs. Walter Judd, Ltd., 47, Gresham Street, E.C.2.

Those of our readers who are anglers will be interested to learn that Messrs. Hardy Bros., of Alnwick, have published a supplement of additions and alterations to their 1931 "Angler's Guide." The issue of this supplement is an economy measure in these times of trade depression, in place of compiling a new catalogue. Interesting features included are the articles on fishing in different parts of the world, including Ceylon, British Columbia, and Kenya Colony. Messrs. Hardy's new dual-purpose rod (for fly fishing and casting a bait and spinning) is also described. There is also a section on tunny-fishing, which should be of particular interest to readers of this paper, since that subject has often been described and illustrated in our pages. Messrs. Hardy announce that they intend to continue to hire out complete outfits for tunny-fishing in British waters. "Many anglers," they point out, "feel that they would like to try tunny-fishing, but hesitate to do so as it means the purchase of a new complete outfit. That is why we have arranged to have a number of outfits ready to be let out on hire."



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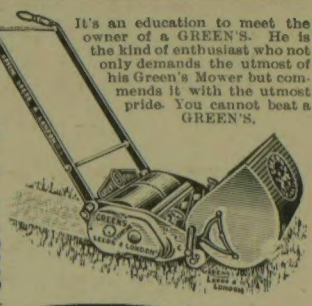
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